

## all I see is you

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## all I see is you

by [xshittyliatlife](#)

### Summary

Dream accidentally shows his face in the back of George's stream. No big deal. He can be known as George's mysterious friend. He doesn't know if he can handle being known as George's secret boyfriend though.

(alt: Dream and Sapnap go visit the UK and everything just goes wrong)

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# **dumb**

## Chapter Summary

Dream arrives to London. There is a few complications.

## Chapter Notes

You should all scream at me because I have finals in a few days and I just wrote 13k words of this fanfiction today. Why am I like this? I have no idea.  
Anyways yeah, another unoriginal idea, from me, to you.  
I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wonders just about when did he become the dumbest bitch on this planet but he will definitely blame it on the long flight and his presumptuous mind.

It was a good idea, to go visit George in London just to finally meet and see each other. It was a great idea that just went horribly awfully wrong because at first him and Sapnap got separated by overfilled flights and no clear way to travel together, so he had to spent excruciatingly long hours between strangers and with no real entertainment in the form of his best friend. Then there was the fact that even Sapnap's flight got delayed and then cancelled, so by the time Dream landed, Sapnap wasn't even on board yet. It seemed the entire universe decided to be a bitch to them.

It was supposed to be a short trip just to break the tension of seeing each other because honestly, it was getting ridiculous at this point. They have been friends for years! Years! And there was always just something stopping them from meeting up. Even now it seems.

George was waiting for him at the airport and it seemed almost surreal. His heart was beating too fast just trying to understand it, George was here, in front of him, a real person, a real entity. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, his hands reaching out, then falling when Dream stayed unmoving and kept staring. But it seemed like he decided to just go for it and one of his hands really reached out and pulled him into a half hug, his laugh bubbling in such close proximity Dream's brain short-circuited again. He still wrapped one hand around his waist and God - George was real. He was real and he was still giggling from the heightened excitement and they didn't say hello yet but Dream's throat was constricted and he didn't think he would even be able to. He had no idea meeting George would be this excruciating.

"I can't believe I'm gonna have to go to the airport again in 12 hours like how can you mess up this badly?" his voice sounded different in the massive airport hall. It sounded different so close to his ear.

"Don't blame us, blame the airlines," Dream finally breathed out and pulled away. They were hugging for way too long anyway. His eyes were trailing over George's face and his seemed to be doing the same.

"You're annoyingly tall," he concluded and then just looked at his luggage. "Do you need any help with the bags?"

"Eh... I got it," he mumbled and that seemed to be enough because George just turned around and started walking to the entrance already rambling how he very smartly timed an Uber for them.

George's apartment was nice and spacious. It had only one bedroom but he had a big couch that could be pulled out and in the worst-case scenario he had some blow-up mattresses prepared for them. Dream slumped on the pulled-out couch as soon as he saw it, all ready with a lot of pillows and blankets.

"C'mon I put clean sheets there, you should at least shower off the plane gunk!"

So, Dream listened. He stood up and let George show him how to work the shower and stuff and definitely listened when he rambled about some food in the fridge and some call with Quackity, all while just staring into the mirror opposite them, on their reflective image, them together, next to each other, in one space, in one bathroom.

Honestly, his brain still couldn't get used to that thought.

George left him alone to stare and Dream just pulled off his clothes and stepped into the unfamiliar shower, looked over the unfamiliar scents. He heard the faint scream of Quackity's name over the walls and smiled. If he's quick enough maybe he can catch him just to startle them. Quackity definitely had no idea they were in the UK at all, they only planned to reveal that in George's cooking stream tomorrow, Sapnap would be there with him and people would freak out and Dream would just stick out a hand, wave and say hi, and they were sure to break the Internet. He was already chuckling to himself at that thought.

George's shampoo smelled nice, very fresh and minty and he used that instead of going through the effort of finding his own that was still somewhere deep in his suitcase. Stepping out with the minty feeling following him felt better than sleep at this point, George really was right, shower was the right call. He reached for one of the folded towels by the sink that George got ready for them, used one around his hips and threw the smaller one over his head as he headed out to find some clothes that he didn't just spend fucking trillion of hours in. He still could hear George talking to Quackity, they were arguing over something, excitement bubbled in Dream then and he just pulled on the first clothes he could find and then headed straight towards the voices. He only just opened the door and headed for the green screen, towel still over head as he was scrubbing the last of the water out, wide smile on his face, first words all ready to be spoken when he was immediately blinded by the studio lights and froze. George seemed to hear the door because he immediately whipped his head around in horror and then he almost broke his keyboard by smashing some keys.

"I'm streaming!" it wasn't loud, nor angry, he was looking at Dream now with wide eyes.

"Who was that!" Quackity's scream could be heard from his headphones. Dream looked to the second monitor and saw the chat flickering, the space where George's cam had to be just second ago. Could they see him? Did he really face reveal like this? With messy wet hair and a wrinkly t-shirt? Oh god.

"I told you I would be streaming," George seemed to ignore Quackity although Dream could see him talking on stream. Then he just sighed and rolled his eyes, turned to the computer. "That's... uhm... my friend. Sorry," George said, voice trying to settle on a tone but it seemed he was struggling. He punched some keys again and turned to him, headphones down. Dream could see Quackity laughing in the background.

"Dream, are you okay? I don't know how much they saw, I'm gonna check the footage, just... God, I don't know," it seemed he was voicing everything Dream should be thinking now. But all he could do was be still.

Even if they didn't know now, they definitely would tomorrow, when Sapnap would be here and they would connect it, the mysterious man and a seemingly faceless Dream that would not be faceless anymore. "You're such an idiot, I told you I promised Quackity to show up on his media share and that I would have my camera on so to be conscious," he threw his head back.

"What are they saying?" he asked quietly and finally found the strength to just breathe.

"Just..." he turned around watched the chat. "Who it was generally. Lol someone just said secret boyfriend revealed," George chuckled. "Go eat and I will stay for like 20 minutes and excuse myself. I'm texting Karl if he can take over," he said and Dream listened because honestly, he needed instructions now. He sat down by the kitchen island with some lasagna in front of him and instead of diving into that he dived out his phone and immediately went to twitter. George was already trending without a description just now. He saw the screenshots, tall figure just in frame, he still had the towel on his head and it was unfocused because of George's settings but he was right there, appearing from the green screen, a figure, hair darkened with water, towel on head, all casual. People were already joking about it being Dream.

*Storm incoming so another 2 hours. I'm gonna murder everybody in this airport.*

A message from Sapnap appeared as a sign and welcomed distraction.

*I accidentally face revealed in George's stream.*

**WHAT**

It seemed to be a minute of Sapnap presumably scrolling until a single word appeared.

*Lol*

*Not funny. Idk what to do. Even if they don't know it's me they're gonna know 2morrow.*

*We don't have to do the stream. Or just move it a few days.*

*They're gonna connect the dots*

*Well they can fuck off, if George says it was just a friend or whatever they have no reason to argue, that's on them.*

*We can just lie.*

*They're gonna know we lied when I face reveal.*

*Well they can fuck off then too. Idk dude.*

Dream heard the repeated prolonged byeeee. George was ending.

*I'm gonna talk to George about it. Stay safe text me when you board finally.*

George appeared in the kitchen and just rubbed his eyes.

"Are you okay?"

"Freaking out a bit," he said and finally dived into the lasagna. It was cold but at this point he didn't even mind.

"I said it was just a friend. Some automatically said you but I guess they could have been joking."

"I saw some screenshots, it wasn't that visible. I'm sorry I wasn't listening."

"I'm sorry. I heard the door but I thought you were just gonna scare me or something not that you were gonna show up in front of the green screen omg..."

"Yeah, I didn't think about it, I was dumb." he sighed. They just stayed like that, George with his arms around himself, worried expression, Dream silently chewing on the food.

His phone chimed again just a thousand laughing emojis from Sapnap.

*George's secret boyfriend is trending loooool*

God there really was no way out of this.

## Chapter End Notes

Listen! I don't care if some stuff won't make sense. I'm here for my emotional fulfillment not realism.

I should be ashamed of myself but yeah, here I am. Not that my whole degree depends on those exams, there is nothing more important than DNF FANFICTION am I right? I'm sorry, I'm a productive procrastinator.

Anyways yeah, I know this is like not original at all or anything, I don't even know what to tag this right now. But it exists now.

I'm probably not gonna post daily although I did just use a half of my day to write out 7 chapters of this so don't hold it against me if I do, I'm but a meebie student trying to get some serotonin during these hard times.

I'm sorry for everything that I wrote.

I still hope you enjoy.

:)

## stressed

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap finally arrives. They make a decision.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sapnap arrived 14 hours after the secret boyfriend fiasco looking absolutely exhausted but he was still laughing as he hugged George in the same airport hallway that they stood in just yesterday.

"George, why didn't you tell me about your secret boyfriend?!" he teased immediately, squishing him in his arms and Dream softly laughed wishing he could do that. His brain was still getting overwhelmed by being near George. Sapnap didn't seem to have that problem. Immediately after the hug he just stood up straight. "Who is taller Dream! Who is taller?!" it seemed frantic and George just pushed his shoulder.

"It could be the hair, but it seems like George has like a bit on you," he mused quietly and it immediately started the third world war, they both began screaming at each other and pulling all the attention. Dream's eyes travelled around nervously. "We should go," he said and although still arguing, the boys listened.

Sapnap followed his previous routine from yesterday, quick shower, food, and then he was knocked out on the couch, snoring all muffled by the pillows. Idiot.

Dream followed George into his room, sat on the bed and scrolled on his phone there just so they could talk and let Sapnap sleep out the terrible travels.

"I could face reveal you know," he said as he liked the new George tweet about moving the cooking stream to Saturday.

"Do you want to?" George's face scrunched up in confusion, eyes trailing over his face. He had such piercing eyes, Dream realised. How were they so dark?

"It just seems like the best option."

"You wanted a big event..."

"Your cooking stream is a big event. And like I could actually help you cook then. We could make real life content, I guess. It will seem like yesterday was a tease."

"What? You being my secret boyfriend?" George snorted and sat up in his chair. He suddenly had a serious expression on his face. "I don't want you to do something just because of that. I don't mind the jokes and stuff, it's whatever. I'm okay with putting it off as a friend or whatever and then saying you've flown in like Friday or something."

"And when I face reveal for real and they put two and two together?"

"They will be smug that they were right but it doesn't matter," George smiled all gentle and nice

and Dream's heart skipped a beat. They stayed again in that comfortable silence, eyes looking over the other, discovering the other's existence in a room. It would all be nice if Sapnap didn't burst into the door with sleepy expression and a phone to his ear.

"There are supposedly photos from the airport," he mumbled, sleep still hanging to his eyes as he rubbed them over. Dream immediately refreshed twitter.

There seemed to be the same set of pictures over and over again, and generally just a fuck ton of confusion.

It was a photo of Dream and George just waiting by one of the walls, colourful posters behind them as they talked and laughed, one picture catching the moment he remembered so well, of George looking up at him with sparkles in his eyes as he was laughing at Dream's joke, Dream leaning on his shoulder, leaning closer without meaning to, looking down, fond smile on face. The other was them just welcoming Sapnap, them hugging.

"Omg," George chuckled *"Who is the brown-haired guy with them, is that really George's secret boyfriend confirmed?"*

Sapnap immediately burst out into laughter and Dream just rolled his eyes.

"My hair is not brown! It's just the airport lighting!" he argued but the boys were already too gone, holding onto their stomachs as they continued reading out other messages.

*"George deserves better the guy's honestly so scrawny!"* Sapnap read out and Dream just chucked one of George's pillow at him.

*"Reported: covid warrior Dream crying after the photos of George and a secret boyfriend picking up Sapnap arise,"* George is at the brink of tears, his cheeks reddened from the laughter and Dream can't stop staring, he didn't get the chance to see that in real life, the feral chaos they often slip into on stream and how that translates here. Nothing will ever match the sight of George throwing his head back in laughter, eyes so scrunched up you can't even see them anymore.

"God, the mental gymnastics they do!" Sapnap wasn't stopping either *"Guys, what if it really is Dream and he just travelled a day sooner so we would be questioning it. Guys, what if Dream is heartbroken about the boyfriend, that's why he didn't come. Guys, what if there is no Dream and it was really just Sapnap with a voice changer!"*

"I like that one," George snorted and he just put the phone away wiping at his eyes. His gaze connected with Dream's then and he seemed to calm down, eyes flicking over his face. "So what now?"

"Oh my god, imagine he really joins the stream but as your secret boyfriend" Sapnap sat down on the bed finally also wiping the laughter from his face.

"They would know by my voice," Dream just sighed.

"You could just like... walk into frame or something..." George shrugged his shoulder, eyes never leaving his.

"Kiss George and dip out," Sapnap snorted. A blush found its way onto George's face and his gaze finally slipped away as he called Sapnap an idiot. Dream didn't see that yet either. It was a nice sight, the blush.

"I could do that," he mused silently just watching for the reaction and George's eyes slipped to his



again in quiet laughter, his cheeks a soft pink.

"Oh yeah, definitely. It won't be suspicious at all Dream, right," he rolled his eyes but the warm expression stayed. Sapnap yawned loudly.

"I'm going back to sleep, Karl really woke me up just to scream at me that we didn't tell him and he had to find out from twitter," he chuckled.

"I'm gonna text them to not say anything," Dream mused and was pulling up their group chat that had already like 20 unread incoherent messages there.

*Yes, we're both in the UK. Don't tell ppl yet -* he wrote. He felt the warmth of George's gaze on him and didn't join in, just let the golden feeling consume him, settle in his chest and make his breathing feel like he was fighting for survival.

"This is certainly a messy situation," he finally spoke and it felt wrong, like the air in the room was too thick for his words. He let himself look up then, into the dark of George's eyes silently watching him.

"We could make it into a bit, if you want. But it's gonna come back when you face reveal either way..."

"I think just a plain face reveal is the way to go. Don't want it to get messier," Dream shrugged and George just nodded, a soft smile on his lips.

"It's gonna be fun, making real life content. Like now we can go to like attractions or something, I guess,"

"Maybe we should do that before Saturday. Just to get them more hyped?" Dream raised his eyebrows and George just rolled his eyes.

"You just want to cause some chaos, don't even try it!" George's eyes seemed somehow darker as he stared from under his lashes and Dream swallowed, begged his eyes not to slip to where George just licked his lips. "Do you like pretending to be my boyfriend?" it carried way more tension than it needed to and it made Dream way more breathless than it should.

"Imagine how many viewers will tune in on Saturday just to find out who I am?" his voice was weak but he tried not to dwell on that. George laughed, they slipped into the comfortable space again, the tension almost left the room, there were just some aftereffects settled into Dream's lungs now.

"Yeah, okay, we can do that. Your face is already out there so I guess we can tease them, if you want," he spun to his computer then. "Wanna play some chess?" the tension was gone fully. Dream pretended like he could breathe just fine. The consequences of George's dark stare stayed in the deep of his stomach and he tried not to make them grow in size by thinking of possibly feeding into the boyfriend narrative, if even for a few photos.

## Chapter End Notes

I lied, this is what I'm gonna do every evening.

Also, nothing is happening. Nothing ever happens in this story. If you expected

something to happen I'm sorry. I'm just in love with everything about  
GeorgeNotFound and this is my coping mechanism.  
But thank you for reading still, if you even got here.

# awkward

## Chapter Summary

If there is one thing they know how to do, it's to be dramatic. And to cause chaos online.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream regretted a lot of things over the last days. Actually, probably more than over his whole life. His sister and mother texted him joking about the George's secret boyfriend stuff and then got to the serious talk of what he was gonna do. He regretted being a part of that conversation definitely.

He tried to share the couch with Sapnap but it felt weird and overwhelming to have someone so close, so he blew up the air mattress and slept there, which resulted in his back actually hurting.

He also regretted all his life choices that led to his mind spitting out something flirty at George at every presented opportunity with seemingly no prompting, and he cursed himself even more everytime he was surprised by it while George just shrugged it off easily. Sapnap kept laughing at him, he could see it from the corner of his eye.

"You like conditioned yourself to flirt with George and now you don't know how to handle it," he whispered into the night when Dream relayed his general feelings of "being off". Dream's gaze travelled to the door on the other side of the hallway where George was surely sleeping. "Or you just like him and don't know how to handle that," it was a joke, he knew that, but he still sat up and punched him on what he could reach of him.

"Idiot," he mumbled as he slumped back to the mattress again, uncomfortably looking for a good position.

"It's okay Dream, I won't cry about it or anything," Sapnap mumbled and right after let out a fake sob into the pillow. "Oh God, why doesn't he love me?! First, he says I'm shorter, then calls George sexy over making breakfast! What's next? Is he gonna sleep next to his bed instead?"

Dream ignored all his dramatics and closed his eyes instead, pressed his back against the couch and cuddled to the blankets. He could almost pretend he didn't hate every second spent on this air mattress.

It was an accident, the breakfast thing. He woke up to their soft voices speaking over some sizzling and he groggily got up and walked over to them to get some water. His hand brushed George's as he handed him an empty glass and Dream filled it and drank it and stared at George, so casual behind the stove, just making some scrambled eggs that Sapnap kept rambling about and continued teasing him about being their personal chef.

"You could even pull out the cooking stream outfit huh!"

"I have to keep it clean for Saturday..."

"And what? You think one of us is gonna jump you?"

"Dream is looking at me as if he's considering it," George chuckled as his eyes locked onto Dream's gaze and his body went into overdrive.

"Oh yeah, I definitely could" he said, his eyes slipping over George's messy hair and slept-in shirt and the shadow of a stubble that seemed somehow darker because of the light streaming in. "You look sexy in the morning". He really had no idea where that came from and he definitely felt himself still as what he said dawned upon him but both of the boys were just laughing out loud now. There was still a slight pink in his cheeks as George said, "Sure Dream," and rolled his eyes and that was it, it was over.

He had to bite into his tongue everytime he was about to say something incredulous that would be defined as pandering, but they had no one to pander to now, so he didn't know what it meant for him that he was struggling with this. He decided sleeping was an easier option and Sapnap was already snoring next to him anyways.

Dream never travelled much outside of some family vacations but rolling through the streets of London with both of his best friends was way different from that. And also way better fun. They got some McDonald's breakfast instead of making George cook for them again and in the grand words of one Sapnap: possibly bringing up another Dream sexuality crisis.

Being huddled into the fake leather seats at McDonald's and listening to George and Sapnap's bickering about what to see first felt way too normal and casual. He let his eyes travel over them with fondness, all three of them, together, just messing around. His eyes slipped over George and how the beige sweatshirt was too big on him and how the sun reflected softly over his skin and how he moved his hands in such an expressive manner. He had to look away before George could catch him staring like that, he definitely shouldn't.

They took the rest of their drinks, dumped the empty wrappers from food to the trash and then were on foot again, George leading them alongside Thames, Sapnap immediately snapping pictures of the London Eye and pulling them in for a selfie. George took some video footage for the supposed vlog although Dream didn't know if it would really ever come out because so far it was just a shot of them over McDonald's and then them just giving awkward glances towards the camera and Sapnap pointing to the London Eye with expressionless eyes. Camera made things more awkward, especially when it was on Dream, he had no idea how any of his expressions would look on a video footage.

They got around two hours to each other before the first fan meeting, which seemed almost excessive. Sapnap was the one who got recognised because he was walking ahead taking some photos and a girl stopped him, and as soon as Dream saw her covering her mouth excitedly and slightly freaking out, he wanted to dip out, but her eyes roamed around and settled on them and she just stared, all wide eyed.

"Hello," George greeted without a brink of panic letting through and Dream's eyes immediately travelled to him where he was met with a soft reassuring smile. George then stepped into the picture that the girl asked for and Dream awkwardly stayed in place, moving his weight from one foot to the other.

"Come for one too, if you want," George called, smug smile on his lips as he fixed his fringe that got messed up by the wind.

"Oh yeah, you definitely can, if you want," the girl said still staring at him with wide eyes. Did she know?

He just smiled awkwardly, surely it was that white people smile that everyone seemed to make fun of online, and he stepped behind George to get in the picture and smiled, unsure, before George looked over to him and beamed at him and he really couldn't help but breathed out the tension in his body. His hand settled on George's back, for support definitely. When the girl pulled away, now talking to Sapnap about how she is just on the way to pick up his merch from the post office, his hand didn't move. Then she looked over, her eyes trailing over it and he pulled it to himself. God, he had to look so guilty.

"It was so nice meeting you, thank you for the support," George echoed the sentiments they shared and she was walking away with a pop to her step. They both burst out laughing just looking at Dream.

"God, you were like a statue of awkwardness!"

"I was afraid to speak out or like do anything!"

"Can you imagine how she is gonna freak out on Saturday when she realises it was you?" George chuckled and Dream now gets why he wanted him in the photo too.

"Thank you for calling me over. Yeah, she will be happy then," he nodded and George mirrored that and then continued on their walk.

As they met more and more people they decided to dip out of central London for the day. Each time it was easier and somehow even more awkward. He didn't speak a single word to no one, everytime he was asked a question either Sapnap or George stepped in with another topic and then they were saying their goodbyes.

"At this point they're gonna joke about you being Callahan instead of Dream," Sapnap snorted as they got their lunch at some restaurant George picked out. George declared that Dream is paying after seeing the prices and he didn't even fight against it. He could treat his friends to some good food.

"It's so weird," he mumbled and George next to him just chuckled.

"It's weird even when they know who I am, so I can't imagine," he mused as he slurped his soup, what Sapnap immediately shushed him for.

Twitter didn't think he was Callahan, oh no. Twitter was definitely set on the secret boyfriend theory. He looked over the photos fans shared and scrolled through. His face was looking very uncomfortable in every single one, except the first one they took because there he was, staring at George and George was staring at him, and he looked... content. Happy. There were some of them just out and about, flailing around. Someone snapped one of them at breakfast, just the one of Dream fondly staring at George. It seemed that fate really hated him. Or that it shipped them too.

"There's so many photos just random," Sapnap mused while scrolling on his own phone. Dream looked around just out of paranoia.

"I wonder if anyone heard me talk," he mumbled quietly and George just furrowed his brows.

"I think your voice sounds different in real life to like over the Internet," he said, his eyes looking over Dream's. "So I guess what I meant was that you don't need to be paranoid over it. But we can just go home and find something to do there. We can go out later or whatever," he shrugged his shoulder and although Dream was gonna miss how he could just stare at how the sun settled into

the creaks of George's face, it would be definitely better for both of them. Definitely, at least for Dream's sanity. Sapnap snipped his phone then and Dream just looked at him with confusion.

"I'm tweeting out that you're going dark. They're gonna freak out over that," he laughed and George rolled his eyes but already was refreshing his page waiting to see it.

@dreamwastaken

going dark don't hit me up

- @GeorgeNootFound

good

- @sapnapalt

I'm here if u need me honey

Predictably, it found its way on trending in some form and he just chuckled as Sapnap and George lost it and were left struggling for breath from laughing too hard.

## Chapter End Notes

I wrote this just wishing to hang out with my friends and then I DID. Mwahahaha. No, actually, we went for pizza and drinks and I put eyeliner on and felt like a human beeeeeiin. It was a good day, I hope you had a good one too.  
I'm gonna listen to more Maneskin and feed on the good energy.  
Enjoy the new chapter!

Also thank you for all the hits and kudos and comments and everything, I greatly appreciate them :))  
(Also also: hype for MCC tomorrow + corpse merch possibly?)

# **fucked (not in a good way)**

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap decides to stream. Dream realises some stuff.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When all was said and done Dream had to come to terms with the fact that he was easily replaced by "George's secret boyfriend". It was honestly getting kind of crazy that at this point he just thought about simply posting a selfie of him and George, even though they were two days left until the cooking stream (and how he predicted the anticipation was higher than ever).

The girl, the first fan he met, has done an extensive QnA about their meeting, confirmed that he didn't say a word and was completely shocked and awkward the entire interaction (they called him cute for that) and she definitely mentioned the hand on George's back and how quickly he removed it when she noticed. Other fans repeated her sentiments of "*he looked like a lost puppy just clinging to George's eyes*" which sounded a bit overdramatic if he was being honest, or that he "*only lightened up when George was looking at him*" which simply wasn't the truth.

The Internet decided they were in love. He doesn't know how is that going to translate when they find out it was Dream all along. Maybe they will realise they're just overanalysing it by the gaze of expecting it to be George's boyfriend (George still didn't comment on that to be truthful so it's his fault).

With two days until the big cooking stream Sapnap decided to use the anticipation for his benefit too and give a bit of content, so he and George are were preparing for a stream. And just to mess up things a little more, Dream was expected to join, alone, on his laptop, hidden away in the kitchen where they will hopefully not hear him.

Suddenly, he can't wait for the face reveal, well... now just a reveal.

He starts up discord and then mutes, rather loads up the stream and listens to their conversation that already turned into a soft argument.

"I don't wanna play Minecraft, we can't really play that together!" Sapnap complained and George just shrugged all annoyed.

"Fireboy and water girl is like not that interesting though, everyone finished it like 5000 times already!"

"Well if they played it 5000 times, they probably like it!" Sapnap argued, snatching the mouse and clicking away anyway. George just rolled his eyes, leaned back into his chair. He seemed to stare at his second screen, a soft smile on his lips.

"Thank you for the 10 gifted," he breathed out easily. A donation popped up, the first one finally and George squinted at the screen. "Boyfriend reveal?" both him and Sapnap chuckled. "Nah, I

don't think so." he shook his head.

It was weird watching it from this side. To see the millions of comments in chat about his boyfriend and Dream crying and just... Pushing boundaries. Although George never stated them and they were playing into it now, it seemed to weigh on his chest, just how many people were watching every little change on George's face for something to feed into their fantasy. George has stated he was straight and somehow no one questioned how come he has a boyfriend and isn't saying anything. It should be suspicious but it isn't, it isn't because they made it out to not to be, because although it wasn't his intention Dream made it easily believable for him to be in love with a man and he wouldn't blame George for hating him for it. He couldn't chug down the thought though. Would they act like this if one of them got a girlfriend too? Or is it just because it feeds into the fantasy they already had ready for Dream and George? Are they gonna consume them both on Saturday? Hungry eyes trained on every single interaction...

Can Dream even blame them if he's doing the same? Watching every single expression that crosses over George's face just so he can know it.

The sun, the sun fits George so nicely and he probably just spends too much time online reading fan posts because they always talk about that, but they're right! They're so right!

He doesn't know when did George become an equivalent to a fragile and absolutely beautiful marble statue, when he became artistically poised hands and sleek crevices, the smile lines around his eyes, the pink of his lips, the softened dots over his face, the slight slump of his shoulders that makes him straighten every once in a while and crane his neck, making Dream question just why he can't stop staring at the pale expanse of skin on his best friend's neck.

The door creaked and George walked in, soft smile on his lips.

"You okay?" he whispered and Dream just nodded, watched him refill his bottle in the sink behind Dream's back. "We will play like two more rounds and you can join and we can play something or you can just talk, whatever you feel like."

"Whatever Sapnap wants, it's his stream," Dream sighed, eyes slipping over George. "Should I be overdramatic about your boyfriend?" once side of his smile turned up and George just rolled his eyes, pushed his shoulder.

"Do what you want. But think about how in two days they're gonna know it was always just you," he chuckled and was already on the move back to the stream when Dream caught his wrist. Dream himself was surprised by that, the soft touch, the slender wrist, his thumb slipped over the soft skin before he even dared to speak.

"I'm sorry that because of me you have to deal with like a whole boyfriend talk, and have like a bunch of homophobes in chat and-"

"I don't care Dream," his eyes were so so soft, skimming from one of Dream's eyes to the other. Dream didn't know how to take his gaze away. Or his hand, really. He also didn't know how to stop his heart from beating so loudly, like it always seemed to be just because George was near. Something passed over George's eyes. "But if you do, I can just say to stop... I thought saying nothing was just leading into it all being a presumption but if you feel like it could... Idk... Is that queerbaiting? Could we get cancelled?" he seems worried now.

"We always can," Dream chuckled and finally let his wrist go. "I don't know George. Maybe it's better to just ignore it. I don't know," his sigh was quiet and George just nodded. His hand settled on Dream's shoulder, squeezed a bit.



"You don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with, you know that right? You don't have to face reveal. You don't have to join. You don't have to pander. Nothing," there was one more squeeze and without a response George just strutted away into his bedroom to join back with Sapnap.

Dream watched the screen and how George returned into frame and the slight emptiness in his eyes as he stared back at chat. He typed out the message and Sapnap chuckled.

"Dream wants to join."

So he was added to the call and sighed into his headphone's mic.

"Hello" simple, cheerful. They definitely could tell the mic difference but he said nothing.

"Dream!" George grinned to the screen either way and Dream just breathed out.

"George?"

"Sapnap," Sapnap chimed in and they all chuckled.

"So what are we playing?" he asked, still the easy tone.

Easy. Easy. Easy.

Everything was so easy.

Until donations started flooding in.

"Why is Dream not with you guys," Sapnap read out and chuckled.

"Oh yeah I wish I could be with you there," Dream sighed and it was the truth. "It's just... The face reveal and everything..." the words were real without really meaning to and George just smiled sadly looking to the second monitor.

He really picked up a habit of that, Dream noted, acting as if Dream's there, as if the icon is enough. He used to ponder over that, if this was his way of staring at Dream in privacy. Dream wished he would come back just for a second, just for a slight touch of a wrist again. But he probably had enough water to last him through the rest of the stream.

"What does Dream think of George's boyfriend?" Sapnap laughed and looked over to George looking way too smug. George just rolled his eyes.

"I don't have a boyfriend," his tone was exactly on the line where even Dream couldn't tell if it was sarcasm or a joke or a serious note. George really had a knack for doing that, for making him question everything.

"I think he's too sexy to be George's boyfriend," he chuckled and George looked so offended he had to laugh.

"Oh really? I remember some people saying online how I was too pretty for him. Are you calling your own fans liars, Dream?"

"Not liars, just a bit delusional,"

"You're the delusional one. I'm definitely hotter," this is probably the first time he heard George acknowledge himself like this and God, for some reason it started a simmering in his stomach.

"You're both delusional, obviously, I'm the hottest of them all!" Sapnap laughed, Dream wondered if he felt the tension there too.

"No," came easy and cheerful from George and he laughed as Sapnap pushed him away, almost knocking him off the chair.

"Stop fighting or I'm gonna have to come over there!" he laughed, voice low, and George looked over the monitor, some dare in his eyes.

"Oh yeah? Yeah, come over Dream. Can't wait," he then stared right into his camera and Dream was so thankful no one could accidentally capture the face he made just then because that would be so embarrassing.

"Just say you miss me, George. It's okay that Sapnap is not enough," he didn't know why his voice got so low or why he was now leaning forward, gripping the side of the kitchen island.

"Heyyy!" Sapnap argued but it got lost in the way George stared at the camera again.

"Well, only one of you is here, so we know who I like more," he was being so annoying and on purpose, as if he knew that would cause ruckus in Dream's entire being.

"Only one of us, hm?"

"I don't see you here, Dream. Only Sapnap. No one else is here..."

"Why are you lying to me, George?" God, his voice was slipping somewhere else and he watched as Sapnap cringed at that, looked over to George who only seemed to lean closer.

"No," the cheerful tone was enough to make him chuckle and Dream finally leaned back, breathed out the tension he was letting build up in him.

"Okay then," Sapnap mused and then stood up. "I'm gonna go to the toilet, so find a game or something," he said. Dream muted his mic just to be sure there was no creaking of doors heard. Sapnap walked out the room, closed the door and walked straight over to him and slapped him over the head.

"Right in front of me? Really?" he mused as he got a glass and some of the juice from the fridge.

"What?" he whispered back although his red cheeks were telling enough that he knew, god yes, he knew.

"You're so stupid, Dream. Just like sort out your shit. Tell him something or get over it or tell me to go take a walk and get it out of your system just... It's uncomfortable to sit there while you're both like that," he shook his head and just left the glass in the sink.

"Like what?" his voice was small. His chest pounded with different kind of panic to before.

"Like you want to fuck each other or whatever," he shrugged a shoulder and then just sighed and returned to the room.

Dream stared. He stared and he felt a sick twist in himself because he kind of wanted that. He liked when the tension was all flames, settling warmth in the lower part of his stomach, the fluttering in his chest, the loss of breath as he leans closer. He remembered the soft skin of George's wrist, imagined it being pinned down on the stark white of the sheets on his bed, and it was right then, on a Thursday evening, in a foreign city, while muted in a call ready to play Minecraft that he realised

he really might be attracted to one of his best friends. More admitted than realised because he knew deep inside that he didn't spend the first days of knowing Sapnap memorizing every single freckle on his face.

God, he was fucked.

Generally utterly fucked. But what was there to do than just unmute and clear his throat and continue on with their silly games, although everyone definitely noticed that he was more quiet now and his voice kept getting lost in between the shouts from the other two men.

## Chapter End Notes

I got it in before MCC. Cheers for me.

I- I'm not gonna comment on this chapter. But ...yeah.

Thank you for reading!

# sleep deprived

## Chapter Summary

Dream can't sleep and he thinks a lot of thoughts.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream couldn't sleep. And this time not because Sapnap's body heat was making him uneasy or because the air mattress was uncomfortable or because Sapnap really was just snoring excessively loud this evening. It was because he could see the sliver of light under George's door that appeared only 30 minutes ago even though they went to bed hours before that, and although Dream wasn't sleeping either he didn't know what could be keeping George up.

In his sleep deprived mind he decided to find out. Maybe even sort out how to act around the boy with the newfound clarity in his feelings. George definitely had to hear the air mattress squeaking or his steps on the floor but he still looked up surprised, eyes wide as if caught, when Dream peeked in.

"Can't sleep either?" he whispered. although Sapnap's snoring was the loudest possible noise on earth. George just nodded and then seemed to shuffle to the other side of the bed as if freeing up space for him. His wrecked brain let him step into the room and close the door and even hold up the duvet, and only then, with one knee already on the bed, he asked "Is this okay?"

"Yeah," his voice was a whisper too and Dream chuckled lightly as he slipped under and set into the warm place that was occupied by the other one just seconds ago.

"Why can't you sleep?" he asked even if that is the question he fear would turn on him. George just sighed loudly.

"I don't know. Sapnap's snoring is loud. I am somehow not tired. I was just scrolling through twitter watching the chaos there," he said as he sank deeper into the sheets, the light from the small lamp was reflecting in his eyes and Dream couldn't stop staring.

"What are they saying?"

"That it's incredulous how jealous you are of my boyfriend," another chuckle and Dream leaned his back against the headboard, head turned to the ceiling.

"Yeah, I'm so jealous. He probably gets to like sit in your bed at three a.m. and talk about stupid shit," he breathed out, soft laugh hanging onto his lips. He looked down to George. "So jealous," he slipped into a whisper again.

"Why can't you sleep?" it did turn on him, just as he expected.

"Can't stop thinking..." it was a prepared and vague response. True one though. It seemed to boggle his mind a little too much, the Saturday stream, the messy drama happening online, the possible consequences of every single one of his actions.

George.

George with his stupidly deep dark eyes that seem to reflect everything so beautifully, and his slender frame and his wide smile, infectious smile, and the brightness and warmth and just...

George.

George that was staring at him now.

"About Saturday or?"

"That too."

"And what else?"

Dream chuckled then. He slipped down lower on the bed.

"How grateful I am to have such a wonderful boyfriend like you," he laughed and George punched his shoulder lightly. His hand didn't pull away, stayed there, near Dream's shoulder on the pillow, just on the brink of touching him.

Did he want to touch him? Could he touch him?

"I don't date idiots, sorry," his voice walked that fine line where Dream didn't know to which tone it leaned. George was great at playing these mind games without even realising.

"Did you ever think about that?"

"Dating idiots?"

"Dating men," it seemed to hang in the room as Dream said it. George huffed out quietly.

"Yeah," Dream somehow didn't expect that. "Can't be too different from just like having friends right. It's just that you have sex and stuff," he shrugged, the hand near Dream's shoulder retreated and rubbed at his eyes. "My eyes hurt would you turn off the lamp please?"

Dream listened without a single word back. They were plunged into the dark and Dream breathed in. He didn't know if this was the right time to mention something like liking guys, while lying in bed with a guy, his best friend for that matter. Would it be too obvious? He just wanted to find out... What? That he didn't know.

Did he want to hear that yes, George was open to dating men, and that yes, he would kiss Dream's lips just to help him figure out if Dream would like it too or if he is just really overthrowing his feelings here and it's that him and George are just way too close for their own good? Or that he shouldn't flirt with a man for years and expected to come out of it unscuffed, without mind fiddled about it being real?

"You're overthinking again," George's voice came suddenly and plunged him back into reality. "Are you thinking about dating men?" it came with a chuckle but not a demeaning one.

"Maybe," he breathed out and slipped deeper into the warmth of the bed. He wanted to touch him, he wanted to reach out and just touch, let his fingers figure out just how much of George can he take before he is caught up with accountability, before he is questioned why he wants to touch him at all. "It just... I don't know. When I think of us being boyfriends it's not a bad thought and I don't know if it's because I wouldn't mind dating a man or if it's just simply that I'm not homophobic," he

spit it out way too fast and he didn't expect George to burst into a laugh that was almost louder than Sapnap's snores.

"Oh my god, Dream, what?" he was struggling for breath, the bed was shaking alongside him and although maybe Dream should be shied away by the reaction, it wasn't a malicious one, so he just stared at the crinkled lines of George's face shadowed by the dark. "Am I really making you question your sexuality?"

"Well, when you say it like that..." Dream mumbled at which point George was just laughing again, muffling it by smushing his head into the pillow. His head seemed somehow closer, he could almost lean it on Dream's shoulder. Dream shuffled closer. The next laugh made him land his forehead on Dream's arm and Dream breathed out silently, letting the warmth of the touch spread over his limbs. George pulled away slightly and Dream couldn't stop the annoyed sigh. It could be attributed to the exhaustion of being laughed at but George still just rolled his eyes and leaned closer, really settling his head near his shoulder this time.

They both breathed out almost in unison.

"I'm glad that you're here," George whispered then. "That one time... When a donation asked if you would come, you stayed quiet. It almost felt like you maybe didn't want to meet me anymore."

"It wasn't that George, oh my god,"

"I know. I'm just saying. That I appreciate you travelling here,"

"It was time for us to meet finally. Even though it seems the universe doesn't think so," he sighed and George just chuckled.

"Can't wait to see the next big drama..."

"Please no. I think we had enough."

It stretched into the silence. Silence and Sapnap's godforsaken snoring. He should get that checked out. Really.

George's hand reached out and landed, just a finger touching Dream's jaw slightly. It still made him hold in his breath, just so he could stop this moment, pester in it. His eyes closed on their own.

"We still have a face reveal to get through," George's voice sounded so nice like this, in the deep of the night, like it was made to be listened to with closed eyes and bated breath.

He wondered if there was moonlight outside and if it would fit George's face equally as well as sunlight, if the moon loved him as much as the sun, if those two weren't forbidden lovers just two elements so deeply in love with George that each of them had to get their own time with him. He chuckled at that thought. George's finger stopped where it was still trailing the left side of his jaw.

"Something funny?"

"No," Dream's voice couldn't even reach a whisper. He couldn't even open his eyes. The finger returned to its job of lulling Dream to another mind state. It stopped. Dream reached out to steady his elbow, he didn't want it to go away. It didn't look like George was planning that at all. The finger was joined by the rest of them as his whole hand spread out over his right cheek, the thumb softly slipping over the apple of his cheek. He wondered if his skin is soft. If it's nice to touch. Does George like it? Is that why he isn't pulling away?

"Dream?" his voice was so quiet and so far away.

"Hm?"

"Do you wanna sleep here tonight?"

Dream doesn't know if he imagined it so he would feel better about falling asleep in George's bed or if it really happened, he only truly remembers the hand, still warm on his cheek and the faintest of breaths near his shoulder and he remembers thinking about the sun and the moon and how if they really made a deal, the moon is a fool, because he really pulled the short string of only few hours with George, but then he wondered if that was the plan all along, if George in moonlight would be so absolutely breathtaking that those few hours would be enough.

## Chapter End Notes

I felt very sappy while writing this, thank you.

Did I tear up while editing this? Maybe. You can't prove it, okay?!

I'm just stressed. And I was supposed to relax and be happy yesterday and well THAT didn't work out heh. I wanted to get Corpse's merch but the shipping was 45 dollars and while I'm now crying about it, it was the "responsible adult" decision. I hate it, thanks.

But your feedback made me happy, so thank you <3

I hope you enjoy :))

## warm

### Chapter Summary

The boys go grocery shopping.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sun found Dream wrapped up in sheets and slumber. All of his limbs felt heavy and he just shifted on the mattress, sighed out loud and looked out the source of warmth on his chest, a hand, and set his own palm over it. Everything in the world seemed wrapped in soft cotton, or maybe it was just his mind, it was difficult to shake the sleep from his eyes. The sun was however unwavering and then he heard the kettle going and some clinks that sounded like plates being handed out and he opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling and immediately looked down where George's hand was resting in the middle of his chest, his own palm over it. His eyes followed the hand to its owner, seemingly all overturned in his sleep, now laying on his stomach, head turned towards the other side but his side still pressed against Dream.

God. If George was still here it meant the noise was Sapnap and if Sapnap was awake he definitely wondered where Dream went and he definitely checked in here and if he checked in here he definitely saw them so close and in one bed, something that he refused to be to him and he would definitely have snarky comments or he would comment on how he is glad they got together and George would stare all confused because that definitely didn't happen, it was just two sleep deprived friends looking out some comfort and falling asleep while talking. Nothing more. Nothing more, even if Dream craved that.

Maybe he could slip out of the bed easily and get ahead that, tell Sapnap they really just were talking and fell asleep. Maybe he could not tell him about the embarrassing thoughts or the light touch he still felt on his cheek. Maybe... Maybe... maybe...

George got ahead that though, as he groaned into the mattress and his head picked up, messy hair sticking out as he looked around and his face scrunched up when he looked over to Dream.

"God, why is Sapnap making so much noise, wasn't the snoring enough?" he groaned again, his face now towards Dream as he let his head fall down back into the pillow, well truth be told, the pillow was now Dream's shoulder, but he couldn't really keep thinking about it like that, it was accidental, it was just right there, it was nothing.

"I can go tell him to shut up," Dream chuckled. George just hummed.

"You're warm."

He couldn't tell if that was just an observation or if it meant he wanted him to stay. But he still didn't move if even for his own indulgement. They stayed like that for a minute, unmoving. The sun was crawling higher and reaching more and more of their bodies and Dream kept staring at the ceiling and kept still and kept thinking about how his hand couldn't move and couldn't sweat otherwise George would take away his and he would be left with a cold place in its stead and he somehow wasn't ready for that.



"I think he's making breakfast," George hummed into his shoulder.

"Maybe he knows he snores and wants to apologise," Dream whispered back and George just chuckled.

"Good then. We deserve that," he breathed out and then pulled away, stretched his limbs out and Dream chased after the warmth on his chest but it was gone now. It was nice while it lasted. Hand on chest, you will be remembered.

George seemed to look over the room some more, look over Dream some more, and then he smiled sleepily. And without a word he was sitting up and leaving the bed and Dream couldn't let Sapnap really get ahead and say something so he was standing up quickly, maybe too quickly because George just looked over him. "You can sleep some more if you want, finally use the bed instead of the mattress..."

"Nah, I'm awake now," he said, scratched at his throat and instead of facing George's wandering gaze a second longer he opened the door and faced Sapnap's smug gaze instead.

"Good morning lovebirds!" he laughed and it smelled like he was making eggs again and Dream wondered if that's the only thing any of them can make for breakfast but then just stepped out the room and made it over to the kitchen, an urgency in his gaze.

"Please, don't," he whispered near Sapnap and then just leaned over the steaming pan. "You should mix it some more, so it doesn't burn," he said, now loud enough, and Sapnap just punched his shoulder, his brows furrowed.

"I'm the chef here, okay? Step away you rat!" he called out but still mixed it some more and poured it away from the pan. George made it to the kitchen too, still stretching his limbs and yawning and Dream was staring again, trying to hide his own yawns, but George caught it and just chuckled.

"Oh god Dream you looove me so much," he rolled his eyes and just took out the juice and went to pour two glasses, simply slipping one in front of Sapnap.

"Sooo..." he prolonged and then avoided Dream's gaze as he turned to George. "How did you sleep?"

"Would be definitely better if you didn't snore on 300% volume. You should get that checked out dumbass," George mumbled as he put the juice away and took his glass and one of the portions to the table, Sapnap following suit by.

"I don't snore that loudly! It's just your stupid apartment that echoes it too much!"

"And how would you know that if you're sleeping huh?"

"Because obviously it echoes even our voices now, can't you hear? Are you deaf or something?"

Dream tuned out their bickering and even the echo of their bickering, stared straight ahead and he felt the longing in his chest.

He wanted every morning to look like this.

His hand reached the empty place on his chest. He wanted a hand there, someone else's hand. He wanted the numbness of sleep and George's soft voice in the night, in the morning, in every single time of the day. He wanted the background of those two idiots bickering for every one of his days. He wanted sunny days and a bit burnt breakfast that could be better and he wanted to have them all

together and he wondered if George felt it too, now even more, if he really would be willing to move his entire life to another country just so they could have mornings like this and days like this and nights like this.

His hand left his chest and took the plate instead and he joined then into their banter and breakfast ritual and let the happiness just exist instead of thinking about it too much. Maybe he can just look at George's bright eyes and doesn't have to question what it means that their eyes always find each other.

With the cooking stream a day away, the need to get all the needed stuff became apparent, so they used their day to go to the shops. It felt a little surreal, a grocery store in another country just felt slightly off but almost normal but he still pushed the cart, trailing after the boys who just kept throwing stuff in.

"Are we baking too? We could like add some sprinkles or something," Sapnap looked over all the different decorations and George looked to Dream instead.

"I don't know, it's your stream," he said and George just sighed.

"Making food and then baking? Do you know how much cleaning up it's gonna be?"

"We could make a cake and just make the meat for dinner or something. A face reveal cake?" Sapnap turned around with excitement. "We make a green cake with Dream's face and boom, he walks in!"

"No, he has to help us," George immediately waved it away. "Although that would have a good viewer retention I think," he chuckled and then grabbed something else from the shelves opposite the baking stuff.

Dream noticed that a girl walked past their aisle and almost whipped her head around looking at them. He nudged the cart into Sapnap's hip and whispered. "Potential fan!"

Sapnap just nodded and went over to George, whispered something to him and George looked back at him with a nod too. They wandered to the next aisle without being approached and George and Sapnap slipped into another conversation about the stream, George finally agreed to at least make some cupcakes because that was easy enough, so Sapnap ran back to get some of the decor. George wandered back to his side while they waited.

"You okay?" he asked, worry all over his eyes and Dream didn't dare to do more than nod. He still felt like they were being watched, like a simple misstep could cost them another trending hashtag. Maybe he should have stayed at home, they didn't need three people to shop for stuff, every time he went out there was just more tension, if they expose him now it would ruin George's stream entirely and he wanted to make it perfect, he wanted to prepare. George as if sensing the overwhelming thoughts just touched his shoulder.

"It's gonna be okay. We have all we need, we can go home and just chill, alright?" George whispered and Dream finally breathed out, in a moment of weakness he touched George's wrist, guided his hand to his cheek instead and just then he remembered the worries and if they really were watching them just to get some expose material, Dream was really giving them some prime show right now, so he dropped the wrist and George just sighed in return and turned to Sapnap instead who was looking ahead with furrowed brows.

"I think they're just watching us, I don't know if they're scared to approach or if they're..." he didn't finish that thought but Dream just nodded.

"Yeah, let's go home," George sighed loudly and just scrunched up his nose in discomfort and God, Dream wanted to hold that hand and touch it to his cheek again but if that got to the Internet and he would have to face the consequence of that after Saturday he didn't know how he could make it into something platonic and unseemingly.

They kept checking back the entire walk home. He really wanted to laugh about this but there was too much weighing on him and a bad feeling brewing in his stomach.

It seemed justified because as soon as he opened twitter there it was, from a big distance and a little blurry but it was right there, all his miscellaneous feelings on a platter, his face in George's hand where he put it himself and he put much more there, he put his entire self into him, he let him know his mind, he let him touch his skin, he let him comfort his heart.

"It's creepy to be just watching to get something like that," Sapnap commented and bit into one of the apples they bought.

"Well it got them 10k likes so I guess they got what they wanted," George chuckled.

"It also got them thousands of replies how creepy it is," Sapnap snorted and just shook his head. "I thought shit like this only happens to celebrities you know, not to Minecraft streamers."

"We are the celebrities now Sapnap, haven't you heard?" George laughed and they seemed so lighthearted, but Dream couldn't stop staring at that photo and what it meant and what he is going to have to face tomorrow, god there is gonna be people that call it messed up and faked for attention and likes and queerbaiting, although the only queer being baited here is him, because he is the one in love with his best friend and then given opportunities like these.

"Are you okay?" George asked, somehow softer now, the hand was back on his shoulder, when Dream looked over he saw George's gaze travelling over his jaw, maybe he wondered about putting it back on his cheek again.

"It's... Weird," he mumbled quickly.

"Yeah, haven't really met anyone like that yet. So far everyone was so nice and respectful. Maybe they were just starved of the hot secret boyfriend content," he laughed, his hand was gone and instead he nudged his shoulder a little. Dream just raised his eyebrows and a smile was asking to come out now.

"Hot, you say?"

"Oh no, you must have misheard," George snickered as he leaned back into the couch and Dream just shook his head, God, he was smiling so wide it hurt. His eyes slipped over to Sapnap leaning on the kitchen island watching them without a shame, the shame found its way onto Dream's cheeks instead. He watched Sapnap just shake his head and then he returned to his phone. He definitely didn't want every day to look like this now.

The sun left them long ago but they were still up, watching some movies, munching on the popcorn that Sapnap threw into the cart without either of them seeing. Sapnap was the first one to slide down and mumble. "I'm tired, I wanna sleep now," so they both just chuckled.

"Wanna keep watching?" George turned to him with a whisper but he just shook his head.

"We can go sleep, it's late, we have to be on our prime tomorrow," he laughed softly. The immensive worry from earlier was gone, was trumped down by friends and laughter and a bit of apple cider and now, he was just tired. George turned the TV off then and they simply shuffled off the couch. A loud snore ran through the living room and they both chuckled. Dream was already pulling blankets to the air mattress on the side when he felt hand wrap around his wrist.

"You could sleep in the bed, if you want. I don't want you crinkled on your big face reveal day," George chuckled softly and Dream just swallowed hardly.

"I don't want you being crinkled on your big stream day," he mused back.

"Then come to the bed. We can both be rested and get our beauty sleep," his laugh filled every single space in Dream's chest where worry was settled before. He let himself be pulled into the room and he settled into the bed in his place from yesterday and he wondered if he could dare to ask for the hand back on his chest but decided maybe it would be better if George couldn't feel the rapid beating of his heart.

They both sighed in sync as they wrapped up in the sheets and then laughed about that too.

"Are you scared?" George's hand reached out again, his thumb holding his chin, catching on the slight day old stubble. He would have to shave before to stream. Or should he keep it?

"Should I shave for it? What do you think looks better?" Dream asked and George just snorted.

"I think both is okay. Maybe give them the clean shave so you can wow them with a beard later," his thumb slid over the entire jaw then and Dream just wanted to lean in so bad and wanted to kiss him and wanted to fulfil every craving that was crawling into his mind but he just breathed out because he knew it was too risky, especially now when in 16 hours he would have to walk out in front of the camera and stand by George and that was stressful enough on its own, he didn't need the stress of the awkwardness that would surely follow right there on top of that.

"I'm scared. But I'm glad you and Sapnap are gonna be there," he thought about just reaching a hand and maybe returning the touch, letting his fingers trail over the freckles on his nose and cheek even though he couldn't even see them properly in the darkness.

"Of course. And we won't blame you if you decide to back out. Or just pretend that you're my mute boyfriend forever," he laughed, the hand slipped from his face and settled on its place on his chest and Dream closed his eyes then and laid his own over it and breathed out. George settled to his side on his own.

"I like this," he whispered, almost too quiet to hear.

"Me too," Dream had to agree. "Thank you for letting me stay in your bed," his throat felt raw but he had to say it.

"Thank you for letting yourself stay," George mused and they both chuckled. Dream shuffled his head, it somehow found the top of George's on its own and he settled it there, sighed to himself. His hair still smelled like mint like his did the first time he used his shampoo and it felt almost heartwarming to feel like they shared that for a minute, they shared the same shampoo, the same aftersmell, and now they share a bed and small touches. Dream wonders if there will come a day when they will share their feelings.

## Chapter End Notes

I passed my exam today, so I am back on my minecraft bois bullshit. It seems just at the right time bc George IRL content my beloved. I love that man. I see myself in that man, I also pick up all random stuff from the ground, I have a shelf for rocks I brought back from trips with friends, I also can't bother with exercise. Anyways, happy pride month my dudes. Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoy. :)

# blushing

## Chapter Summary

The cooking stream is here.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There were 400k people watching Sapnap cut up a chicken breast. Dream has to internalise that thought and breathe through it, because 400 thousand people tuned in just to look at Sapnap and George stood in the kitchen in their chef outfits, 400 thousand people watched Sapnap talk about how disgusting raw meat is while George kept giggling and teasing him and dipping the cubes Sapnap cut up into their prepared bowls. That was actually insane.

George decided even before they have flown over that he wants to try to make sesame chicken just because he loves it and it's quite a process but not that hard, although it could take up enough stream time. Their bickering was nonstop but they still worked together really well, they had the mixes ready almost instantly and now they were almost done with the chicken. Rice was already done on the stove. Dream was still sitting behind the camera and watching over the stream in silence, having to hold in his laugh at those two dumbasses. George kept looking over to him with that deep eyes and a soft smile. There was already talk about his secret boyfriend being there, in the background. Dream just ignored it this time. They moved on to frying the pieces of chicken and then Sapnap already started the sauce and it took maybe 30 minutes for them to be done and make one aesthetic bowl to show off to the camera.

"Like I'm surprised it actually looks so good," Sapnap mused.

"It looks incredible," George enunciated the word to its extent and Dream didn't hold the chuckle in this time. George's glaze slipped to him. "Wanna try?" he asked, his smile already forming to be one of the really wide ones. He set the bowl before Dream and just watched him even though Dream didn't even take a bite, he just blushed deeply because he knew what was coming and it was even worse now that George has interacted with him beforehand.

The plan was for Dream to enter when they finished the chicken. Do the reveal. *Wow, surprise.* And then go make some cupcakes together.

George already skewed from the plan.

"Awww, don't be shy now," Sapnap joined in, his smug smile too big. "Come here honey you can join us," he puckered his lips and the first frame that the stream saw was him slapping Sapnap's forehead. Idiot.

He joined with them, stood in the middle, white shirt and jeans instead of a chef outfit and he suddenly felt insecure about it, he knew how many eyes were watching them. He still looked and just breathed in some more air when he saw it jumped to 500k while he wasn't watching. Fuck.

"I think you're missing something though," George tapped his chin trying to act as if this was not pre-planned but failing miserably. Sappap pulled out a third chef shirt and George was already pulling out a chef hat, reaching to his head, and he crouched down just so it was easier.

"I can reach!" he argued immediately and Dream just rolled his eyes.

"There!" Sappap called dramatically. "Our third chef... Uhm... What was your name again?" he blinked at him with faked innocence and Dream had to roll his eyes again. He looked to the camera then and just opened his mouth and tried to steady his breath as he blurted out the words he prepared.

"I guess you can call me Dream," he said and just burst out laughing and Sappap was screaming then and George was acting out his shocked face for the stream but Dream just kept laughing because all the overwhelming build-up was over now and he couldn't take it back, so he just breathed out, a hand on his chest, and leaned into Sappap's half hug.

"Secret boyfriend reveal?" Sappap read out a donation and then just laughed. "I think the system has not caught up yet. Nope, this is Dream."

"Yeah, I'm actually dating Dream's twin not him, ew!" George scrunched up his face and Dream just pushed his shoulder.

"Okay stop, chat, I don't have a twin and I'm not George's secret boyfriend..."

"Yet," finished Sappap and Dream just rolled his eyes again as they tumbled over laughing. God, what idiots. Dream's gaze fell on the rising number of viewers and he just sighed. It didn't matter now. At least George's stats will be doing good this month.

"Okay let's make these cupcakes, c'mon pull yourself together, this is a fine establishment," he clasped his hands but he still couldn't stop himself from matching the big smile on their faces. George, still laughing, leaned his head on his shoulder and Dream just automatically looked over as they both connected in a stare, and then Sappap let the flour fall on the floor and they both jumped and just like George predicted, this will be a pain in the ass to clean up.

Dream often wondered what would be the image of his face reveal. He planned to do it at an event, maybe if he won some award... Would it be a picture of him accepting the award, holding it proudly? Would it be the first moment everyone saw his face? Would it be some photo taken later, just him in the crowd?

It was all but a hypothetical now. He got to watch the real mess unfold. His friends kept joining the discord channel just to compliment him on his handsome face and he was definitely blushing and he held his floury hands to his cheeks just so the white would hide it. That didn't help because then George reached out and wiped the flour away and now he was blushing even deeper red, and God, being on camera was just awful, they could see everything, they could scrutinise everything.

"So like wait, was it planned? That thing on my stream?" Quackity asked when they were just waiting for the cupcakes to be ready.

"No, God," Dream said and they all laughed.

"He wasn't listening to me when I said I was gonna stream with you," George was still grinning at him.

"Oh yeah, he probably got lost in your eyes of something," Quackity mused and they all laughed and Dream really hated how red his cheeks looked on the stream even though they were probably even worse in real life.

"You just wish he was staring into yours instead," George didn't seem fazed at all and Dream was just in awe. Will he get so used to this too?

"Oh hell yeah, that is one fine piece of a man. Do a twirl for me you green bitch!" somehow that was the last straw because Dream just backed out of the camera view, face in hands which caused even more laughter.

"Where is that beautiful man, I signed up to see that beautiful man!" Karl was screaming into his mic now and George just laughed, looked over.

"Are you okay?" he asked, content, happy. God Dream will never stop blushing now. Why does he look at him like that?

"Tell them to stop, I don't want the first screenshots of me to be all red faced," he breathed out.

"Oh Dream, don't worry, so far I have only seen screenshots of you staring at George like a lost puppy," Sapnap mused from where he was sitting on the counter scrolling on his phone.

"I wasn't," he argued weakly and it just started another round of jokes on his account.

"Come back," George extended his hand and he knew Dream won't say no to him. He started walking on his own but George still grabbed his wrist and pulled him back into frame making it look like a lot of work. Dream resisted the urge to roll his eyes again.

"Thank you for the dono Arnie uhm..." George seemed to squint at the message and Dream did too, just to see what was so interesting.

"Oh Arnie is the one we met near Thames. She says thank you for pulling Dream into the photo, so she had one. Well, you're welcome! We actually talked about that after you left, how you're gonna react when you realise," he laughed and scratched his nose. Some of the flour got on his nose now and Dream wanted to reach out so bad.

"Dude, Dream stop staring at George's beautiful face!" Quackity immediately interrupted and then he realised he really was lost in the staring but now they had 800k people watching.

"He has flour on his nose, I was just debating on how to tell him," he argued and George just laughed, brushed the flour away, but left a bit by his cheek and Dream just reached out and dusted it away quickly although his fingers were trembling. This was all too stressful.

Finally the timer on Sapnap's phone went off. This was the longest 20 minutes of his life.

"Oh gotta check the cakes. The *cup-cakes*," George was already looking for some rags and he peeked into the oven and just nodded. "Yeah, they are done, look out, I'm pulling them out, no injuries in this kitchen!" they both backed away and he just quickly pulled them out onto the counter and looked over.

"Damnnn those look good," Sapnap was right there too and Dream just stayed to the side, watching them both with a smile. He did this. They really did this. Together. Not only the cupcakes but everything.

"Oh god, that's hot!" Sapnap immediately dropped the cupcake into the pan and George just



laughed.

"You're so dumb, you're literally so dumb, I just pulled them out!"

"Are you hurt?" Dream asked but Sapnap just chuckled.

"I was born of fire, nothing can hurt me honey!" he screamed and yeah, they definitely had too much sugar today. Dream just chuckled but his eyes still found Sapnap's and he just nodded. At least he was for real with this.

They didn't really wait as long as they should have and then just pulled out the cupcakes by their wrapping and each of them chomped down on one and that was it, a four hour stream of almost nothing, yeah except the SapNotFound meeting and a Dream face reveal.

Just another day.

"Oh my god, okay guys, thank you for tuning in, this was insane," George was gesticulating widely and Dream and Sapnap stayed back just let him do his own thing, sharing some of the cupcakes still.

"Thank you for all the donos and gifted and bits and just for watching. I hope you enjoyed. Send some nice tweets to Dream telling him how pretty he is so he doesn't cry himself to sleep tonight and yeah. Maybe some more streams later this week?" he looked back at them for that and they just laughed. George then began his ritual of byeees and they joined in just waving on the screen and then it was offline and Dream just slumped against the counter.

"Having to be on facecam is literally painful, how do you deal with that," he almost whined and George just turned off the lights and then started the raid to Quackity who agreed to go live, and finally, they were off twitch entirely.

"We peeked at 930k that is insane Dream!" George called out and Sapnap was there to match his stats excitement. Dream was just drained. He didn't even find it in himself to care about what was being said online.

"We should take a photo or something," Sapnap mused so they did, they positioned themselves and tried to make a fun YouTube thumbnail but then Dream just eased in, slumped his hand around both of them and pulled them in and they burst out laughing and that was the photo that he posted on his twitter with a single heart. He pretended he didn't see the thousands of screenshots of him and George just staring into each other's eyes. That was something to figure out later.

## Chapter End Notes

I feel like this should have been a bigger thing, but well, this is how it came out. This story absolutely isn't turning out how I planned, I don't know if I like that hah. We will see, I guess.

I have nothing more to say, I'm just tired.

Thank you so much for all the nice comments and all the kudos and hits and everything. That definitely sparks joy <3

## pretty annoying

### Chapter Summary

Dream's voice breaks. George is annoyed. Sapnap misunderstands some stuff.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream didn't know how to find an excuse to wake up next to George again. Turns out he didn't really have to because George definitely noticed how tired he was and just told him to take a nap in his bed while they clean up. So he did. He slumped into the bed that they didn't bother to make in the morning and just shrugged his jeans off by the bed and snuggled into the sheets and breathed in just the general essence of George, his head pounding too much from all the inner turmoil of the last few hours.

He only woke up when he felt the mattress next to him dip and his head snapped up, but George just laid a hand on his shoulder and chuckled.

"Don't freak out, it's just me," he whispered and a wave of cold air hit Dream as the duvet was held up and he felt George slip under it. It was a long while of shuffling and settling down but Dream stayed where he was lying on his stomach only pulling his hand away from the other side of the bed to free it up. George slipped into that place and then just placed Dream's hand back, it was now resting over his middle, and Dream opened his eyes fully now just...staring.

"You are still trending. Everyone was freaking out so much," George laughed quietly as he looked back over his shoulder, not even acknowledging the position. "There was a lot of confusion about the boyfriend stuff but like there were also people responding with that clip from stream so hopefully we won't be suddenly cancelled by the morning," he breathed out, his eyes slipped closed and Dream stared at the serene expression, the long lashes that were taking away the chance to stare into his eyes some more. George seemed to chuckle to himself then. "They ship us even more now, if that's even possible. God, there was so much fanart now they have your actual face. Although I guess we saw that over the week already..."

"Do I look pretty?" it didn't really make sense, he was always pretty in fanart, even when all they had was a green blob. Maybe he just wanted to hear it from George.

"Very beautiful. They actually listened to me and there are thousands of tweets at you about how pretty you are," he laughed softly, his voice seemingly trailing away and Dream just smiled into the pillow. He dared some more in his sleep-heavy mind, as his hand wrapped fully around George's hip and squeezed a bit. Maybe he dared too much, his heart was beating way too loud for how simple of a touch this was. George however just hummed, as if just acknowledging it.

"George?" his voice broke a bit over the name and George just snorted out a laugh while Dream cleared his throat.

"Wish I got that on the sound board," he whispered and just fully breathed out, sank deeper into the bed.

"George," he tried again, this time more steadily. He got a hum instead of a response. "I like sleeping with you," it was the exact amount of a confession that Dream could master and just couldn't hold back anymore. George just snorted out in response again.

"Good. We can put away the air mattress then, its annoying," he said and then let his head fall to the side, breathing evening out. Dream held onto his hip and what he could see of his face and there was nothing else to do but follow the other boy, out on the way to the dreamland now.

Dream woke up with his face full of hair and fully enveloping another body. It wasn't something he would be used to, the warmth and a whole another man next to him, but he thought to himself that he could get used to it. He tightened the grip over George and pulled him somehow closer, breathed in the faintest smell of mint in his hair.

"Stop sniffing me dumbass," came a muffled voice. Dream froze for a second, realized just how he got lost in the intoxication of the moment that wasn't really his to claim.

George wasn't really his boyfriend.

This wasn't supposed to be romantic.

He wasn't supposed to be in love with him.

He was already pulling his hand away when George just groaned and pulled it back. "Why are you being annoying? Where are you going?"

Dream didn't really know what he was supposed to say there.

"Uhm... Away?"

George let out an annoyed huff. "Just stay, I want to sleep some more," he mumbled.

Dream was just one hell of confused.

"You can sleep without me..."

"No," George immediately shot that down with a playful tone. "Just come here," he turned around then and just pulled Dream closer, fully cuddling him now. "We're cuddling,"

"Oh thank you, I didn't notice," Dream didn't know where the need to be sarcastic right now came from.

"You're so annoying today, ugh," George breathed out. God his face was way too close. Dream's heart was beating so fast his head was spinning. "Stay quiet and maybe you will get a little kiss," he chuckled but Dream froze, just stared. George laughed at that too. "God don't have to look so scared," he rolled his eyes and then just settled on his shoulder, smile slowly falling. Dream felt like that was the wrong reaction but he had no idea what the right one would be.

"Would you actually?" he sounded so breathless. George snorted out laughing.

"Don't know if it's panic in your voice or excitement," George said, tone absolutely unreadable.

What is he supposed to do with that? How is he supposed to figure out what to say now?

So he stayed quiet, and George just gave him another annoyed huff as they settled into the quiet,

bodies close but minds miles away.

The door opened and Dream took away his hands just out of pure panic.

"Don't stop on my account," Sapnap chuckled. "I just heard your voices and came to let you know I'm gonna take a walk!" he was smiling wide and proud and then he raised his eyebrows and just winked as he disappeared back into the hallway. "Text me when it's safe to return!" he called before slamming the door and George just raised his head from Dream's shoulder, confusion settling over his features for a change.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" he looked down to Dream. "Why is everyone so weird today?"

"He..." Dream hesitated. "He thinks he is giving us space to... Uhm... You know,"

"To what?" George rubbed the sleep away from his eyes and just blinked innocently, although Dream definitely saw the corner of his lip twitching into a smile.

"To have sex," Dream said and breathed out and George finally burst out laughing, his head falling on Dream's chest.

"Well, you freaked out about the thought of kissing me, so I don't really know where this is coming from," he said, pulling away from Dream then, falling on his back into the sheets and stretching out his arms in his typical morning routine.

Dream knew where it was coming from but didn't know how it got here, and why exactly did just Sapnap act it out like that. He already felt his cheeks heating up. This is just embarrassing. What he is supposed to say to that? What is he supposed to do?

He reached for his phone and texted him a whole block message of just question marks. His hands were almost trembling. He was almost losing it.

*Heard the moans and decided to get ahead the uncomfortable situation lol*

*YOU BUFOON WE WEREN'T DOING ANYTHING YOU MADE IT SO WEIRD*

*start doing something then time is ticking.*

"What is he saying," George asked and Dream almost jumped.

"How do you know I'm-"

"Oh course you are," he chuckled as if it was obvious. He just raised his brows and peeked on the screen.

"He is saying he heard moans??" Dream chuckled softly. God, he felt how hot his cheeks were getting. This was insane.

"Good to know you're both losing it this morning," George rolled his eyes and finally stepped out of the bed. "At least tell him to bring some breakfast, I don't feel like cooking," he said, hand ruffling his hair into place and he stretched some more.

*Nothing is happening. Bring some breakfast pls.*

He didn't know why he let out the disappointed sigh but George just chuckled and rolled his eyes as he passed him on his way out of the bedroom. Dream's gaze followed him until he was gone and then he just slumped into the bed and stared at the ceiling and tried to make sense out of this because... What?

## Chapter End Notes

Hehe. 8 chapters and they haven't even kissed yet. Hehe. I feel so evil. Idk why.  
I'll be honest I have only one more chapter pre-written. I don't know where it went wrong. So if I post one more and dip for a month, don't question it, it's the creative process okay?

(I'm kidding. Maybe.)

(I have the last exam on the 16th and I haven't studied a bit though, so it would be the responsible thing to do)

(Listen either I will write another 30 chapters from the stress or I'm gonna go dark and fully offline, there is no inbetween.)

Anyways...

I want to thank you so much for all the nice comments and everything, It actually gives me so much serotonin it's insane. Thank you <3

# scared

## Chapter Summary

Dream feels a lot.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream slumped into the chair as soon as the stream ended. Logically, he knew it made sense to use the hype for streams to get even more hype. But at the same time... He was so tired. He was only halfway in the screen, leaving space for George and Sapnap mostly, but he still kept staring to the corner where the camera screen was showing, just to analyse his presence there. It felt so wrong. He somehow couldn't seem to relax, his hands kept shaking. They both definitely noticed. Sapnap ended the stream pretty early too and immediately just looked at him.

"You could have said no," it didn't sound as an accusation. It sounded more as: *you should have said no*.

Logically, he knew he had that option. But logically he knew he had to make use of all this, he had to keep the hype going. He had to clear up some things, he had to stare at George chuckling as donations about not-secret-boyfriend poured in, and he had to pretend Sapnap's eyes didn't slip to him every time George vigorously stated that they are not in fact dating. Logically, it was the truth. Logically, he knew that.

Illogically, his heart was hurt by every single mention of it anyways.

He stayed inside while George and Sapnap went out. For a walk, or food, he didn't really remember what they mentioned anymore, his mind was too crowded by all the tweets on his timeline. George was right, he did really cause and outpour of loveposting for Dream. But Dream didn't really focus on that. He focused on the threads on him and George, the photos from the week, the clips from months before. The hand on cheek, the goddamn hand on cheek. Dream touched his own cheek just to remember it. He got up from the couch and went to bed instead, just to remember it better, the warmth. It didn't help the longing, but maybe he didn't want it to get better, maybe he wanted to get it so bad he wouldn't be able to stop himself anymore. He wanted to kiss George and he wanted to hold him so close, closer than could ever be considered platonic. He wanted so much, everything, he wanted everything but to face the consequences, the possibly bad consequences. He wanted him so much, he just wasn't ready to lose him for it.

He heard the front door and he wasn't ready for that yet either. He wanted more desperation for himself. He wanted to cry it out at least.

"Dream?" George called out. His head poked in the door, smile apparent as his eyes found him. "We brought some chinese food, come eat something."

His eyes seemed to do some more trailing and Dream really couldn't find the energy to speak out. George looked back for a minute and then just slipped into the room, closed the door behind him. "Are you okay?"

Everyone seemed to be questioning that these days.

Maybe there was a valid reason.

George still didn't get an answer and now seemed worried about it. He walked over to the bed and sat by Dream's side, his hand slipping naturally over his stomach, halting at his hip. If he noticed how Dream jerked at the touch, he didn't say anything. Dream definitely couldn't speak now, with the longing settled deep into his lower stomach, with George's touch on him like that.

"Do you want to be alone?" he questioned some more, quieter this time. His hand started to lift off and Dream couldn't let it, he couldn't even bother the thought of losing this little thing between them, his hand caught his wrist too quickly and George just chuckled, set the hand back, his thumb slipping over the fabric of the t-shirt. "I'm gonna take that as you wanting me to stay," he sighed. Dream didn't take his hand away yet. He didn't get rid of his thoughts yet. George definitely wasn't helping that. He breathed out quietly, looked around as if considering things for a moment and then just nudged Dream's side with his own hip, forcing himself into the space, lying down next to him.

Dream didn't resist and fulfilled at least one of his wishes, one of his wants, his hands wrapped around George tightly, pulled him even closer, his little chuckle got lost in Dream's shoulder, Dream's cheek pressed to George's forehead. Their legs seemed to be shuffling for a comfortable position, they joined together in a mess and Dream chuckled over that too.

"I'm so scared," Dream finally whispered against his hair. He didn't specify the reason. George didn't question him more, just pulled him closer. Dream definitely heard Sapnap shuffling around and the crinkling of plastic but he decided to ignore that he is probably waiting for them, instead focusing on George, just George, so close and so warm, and George and the content feeling filling his lungs. Everything was better with him there even if he was the reason to feel bad. Dream couldn't blame him, not really. It's not his fault Dream is in love. He could blame it on his stupid deep brown eyes and how they almost get lost everytime he laughs. He could blame it on his lips and how Dream can't stop staring at them. He could blame it on the sun, because it looks so good on him, or he could blame it on the moon, because it allows him to steal more and more of George. But in the end he had no one to blame, just his weak heart and rotten brain.

They eventually did go to eat, after a long time of just lying there, and George silently scratching the back of his head in a comforting motion.

They ate, they watched some movies, they each took a turn in the shower. As George returned he immediately settled into Dream's side without a word. And Dream put his hand around him without a word. No one said a word, not even Sapnap, who just cleared his throat inconspicuously and then started typing away on his phone.

Dream kept dozing off on the couch and George just poked his side, guided him to bed.

It almost seemed too natural to slip into it and each other's arms, but Dream didn't have the energy to question that.

"Are you feeling better?" George whispered into the night. Dream just chuckled slightly.

"How could I not? I have such a caring boyfriend," he meant it as a joke, he really did. He doesn't know if it came out that way. George just laughed.

"Oh, you do? Would like to meet him one of these days," he rolled his eyes but still cuddled into his chest. "I'm gonna miss you when you leave. I almost got used to having someone in bed with me."

How could he just say things like that and expect Dream not to absolutely fall in love with him?

"You'll be coming over, right?" he knew he sounded way too hopeful.

"I'll definitely try."

Dream thought about that, about the possibility that they will not be allowed to live together, that for whatever reason, the government stuff will be just too complicated. He just pulled him closer.

"You're crushing me," George chuckled. And then, as Dream started to loosen his grip... "I never said I didn't like that," his voice was somehow deeper. Somehow closer to Dream's ear now.

*Whisper some more*, Dream wished silently.

"What else do you like?" he kept his voice low too. He could almost feel the shiver on George's back where his hands dug into it.

"A lot of stuff," he did, he whispered some more, even closer to his ear. Dream was very aware this was slipping too far but he really didn't care. He could deal with the ashy aftertaste if the burning felt this good.

"Something like this?" his finger silently slipped over the outline of George's spine.

"Hmm..." George's sigh was on the brink of something else. "Maybe."

His hand naturally slipped from the lower back to George's hip, squeezed it tightly, letting his fingers dig into his skin there. George just breathed out right into his ear. Dream kept his eyes closed.

"Tell me what you like George," he tried to ignore how hot it made him feel. George seemed to gasp for breath too.

"I like it when you touch me," came quietly, almost hesitant. Dream suddenly couldn't get enough air, his hand slipping over the other's body without fear, at least this once.

"I like it when I touch you too, George," his name sounded too soft, he had to hear it, the affection.

"Touch me some more then."

God, this wasn't good. This wasn't good. But Dream still did, he still indulged, his hands... his hand slipping over his lower back, over his thighs, back up, trailing up, up to his neck, where his fingers slightly tapped over the open skin he so wanted to kiss and George already leaned his head back opening up space for the opportunity.

"George," Dream whispered silently, but he was pulling him closer, his hand wrapping in Dream's hair.

"Just... Please-"



Dream was watching as his throat bobbed when he swallowed the rest of that sentence and God, Dream really didn't know how to hold himself back, so he did, he pressed his lips against George's throat, felt his pulse immediately, beating rapidly, and he just breathed out, already way too gone.

George pulled on his hair, pulled him back and Dream already started worrying that he misunderstood, but George then crashed against his lips suddenly.

Dream thought to himself, *this is what losing sanity feels like*. And he did, he *lost*, he indulged, he pressed into George, kissed him back more vehemently. Pressed his eyes together so hard until he saw stars and kissed him until his chest burned from the lack of oxygen, until George was pulling on his hair again just to catch a quick breath. It wasn't until they were both centimetres apart, staring into each other's eyes and panting for breath that Dream realised that now, the only thing to do, was to face the consequences.

If there was ever a messy situation, this was the messiest one. Dream didn't know what to do now and he certainly couldn't just turn around and look up on his phone : *I (21,M) just kissed my years long best friend(24,M) while in bed (we were platonically cuddling for three days now) what now?*

He doubted the Internet would have an answer for that honestly.

George was still staring at him but considering all things, he didn't look that fazed. His hand that was still wrapped up in Dream's hair started to move, just to scratch at his scalp again. Dream breathed out fully and let his head slump into the pillows.

This was too much honestly, too much conflicting emotions, too much confusing emotions.

"We can talk about it tomorrow," George said as if he knew exactly what was going on in Dream's mind. And maybe he did. Maybe he always did.

## Chapter End Notes

So...erhm...this was a rollercoaster I guess. Dream did go through like 5 different emotional states and so did I honestly.

I'm kind of questioning if I want to include some smut in this. I'll just say I'm not very good at writing smut. If you read Sensual you saw that I tried and failed mostly and well...Yeah. But like...I could try? I mentioned yesterday that this is the last pre-written chapter but I also wrote two new chapters yesterday so...I could possibly include something a little spicy...

Tell me your thoughts.

Anyways...thank you. I hope you enjoy this chapter. I'm not one for angst so like, this was to be expected. They smooched. They happy. I'm happy. Hopefully, you're too. Thank you for the support, gang! <3

# jebaited

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap reveals a secret. Dream just wants to hold George's hand.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The morning light was so nice Dream would almost forgot all the events of last night. The birds were chirping, the daily morning shuffle was already in full force and George let out a deep sigh, somehow snuggling even closer to Dream's chest.

George.

*George.*

George, who kissed him yesterday, who whispered into his ear, who let, actually no, *asked* Dream to touch him, who craned his neck for him, who pulled him in and kissed him. Dream had to take in a breath at that. Was that even real?

He slowly blinked the sleep away from his eyes just to find George already awake and looking at him softly.

"Hi," he whispered and immediately wanted to smack his own forehead because he probably never sounded stupider. George just chuckled softly and leaned in, left a small peck on his cheek. Dream pretended it didn't completely ruin him.

"Hi," George finally breathed out, his hand finding its way back on Dream's cheek. He so wanted to just close his eyes and bask in the moment but he knew they promised to talk about it today. Whatever that *it* was...the kiss? Them?

Either way Dream closed his eyes just to have a second more of just the simple touch, George's finger slowly tracing over his skin. His own hands steadied their grip over George. It felt nice, just to hold him. His heart felt weirdly calm even with the presence of the ominous conversation.

"I like your freckles," George's voice was closer again and Dream just swallowed. He sounded so so close. Are they really doing this again?

"I like your freckles too," he whispered back.

"Then look at them."

It sounded as a command and Dream didn't dare to disobey. He opened his eyes back again and connected with George's gaze for a minute, before he looked down to the small dots trailing over his face. He lifted the hand from his hip to trail over them, connect them with his touch. George was the one to close his eyes now.

It somehow made Dream believe that whatever this conversation would be like, the end would be good.

George's eyes were open then, looking darker than ever and he just smirked at him.

"So the conversation huh?" he raised his eyebrows. Dream just sighed, let his hand fall back on his hip.

"So... We kissed," he cleared his throat. Smiled painfully. George just rolled his eyes.

"You mean I kissed you," he corrected. How was he so cocky about this? "If it was up to you, we would still be cuddling every night *platonically*," he almost scoffed at that.

"What's wrong with platonic cuddling every night?"

"I don't know, let's ask you, something about how I had to blow up an air mattress because you didn't want to sleep next to Sapnap?"

"Oh right," Dream tightened his lips and George just chuckled, left another small peck right on his jaw. It seemed he already knew this would end good for them too if he was this eager.

"And then you asked me about liking men. And dating you..." he just laughed as he left another kiss on his face, now closer to his ear. "You're not really subtle, you know?"

"I wasn't trying to be subtle. I'm just dumb, okay?"

"Yeah, I have noticed. Definitely dumb, definitely not subtle," George nodded and left a kiss on his cheekbone. "And neither is Sapnap. He told me to make the first move because you're so dumb," he was still laughing. Dream just slumped back into the pillows with a groan. Idiot. Absolute idiot.

"Of course he did," Dream sighed and just looked at George again. He couldn't even find it in himself to be truly angry.

George held his chin between two fingers and just smirked again.

"How about we go brush our teeth and then send Sapnap out for a breakfast and a walk?"

"He's gonna hate us so much," Dream chuckled.

"Ugh, okay, I guess. We can go to breakfast together and then we will sneak out and leave him to pay," he smiled almost proudly at that plan, and then he was already getting out of the bed, stretching his back.

If this was the whole conversation Dream was more than happy to end it right here.

They did indeed just brush their teeth and then woke up Sapnap to go get some breakfast. As they sat down at the closest place offering actual breakfast, Sapnap just rubbed the last of sleepiness off his eyes and accepted the coffee the waitress brought him. Dream was watching almost in anticipation as Sapnap stirred in two sugars and then tried it out, smacked his lips with satisfaction. He then looked over to George who was just scrolling through twitter with one hand while holding Dream's with the other. His gaze fell over the connected hands just resting together on his thigh and he couldn't help but smile warmly. Somehow everything found its place.

"Hey, I'm really sorry to disturb you..." Dream jerked when a foreign voice spoke up in their quiet morning. He slowly wondered if he should untangle their fingers, if they already saw. He looked to

the girl with a welcoming smile anyway. This was the one chance to fix his awkward reputation.

"Hi," his greeting got mixed in with George's and Sapnap's but she still beamed at him. "I love you guys so much, I just wanted to say... Omg, sorry, I know this is weird, I'm just with my family and we're already leaving so I just wanted to say hi and thank you for your content and literally everything aghhh sorry," she held her face in her hands, looking back, presumably to her parents.

"No worries!" "Thank you very much." "Do you want a photo?" it all seemed to mix up into one as they spoke and they all chuckled at that.

"If that wouldn't be a bother," she was blushing and somehow it made Dream feel better, that he was not the only awkward one.

"Yeah of course," Dream was the one to respond this time and she just excitedly waved her mom over. Sapnap shuffled so the girl could sit next to him and they all stared at the mom with her phone all ready and smiled for the photo. Dream felt George hook his chin on Dream's shoulder and just glanced over to him, chuckle escaping his lips.

"Omg, thank you so much," the girl was back on her feet quickly and almost bouncing with joy. Their eyes connected again and she just laughed. "You guys are so cute, thank you for everything truly, it was so nice meeting you!" Dream didn't know if she was talking to them all or just... Them. But he still smiled and said goodbye and wished her a nice day. As soon as they were left alone the waitress brought over their food. He looked to the plates first and then finally caught Sapnap's narrowed gaze.

"So... anything new in Bed-town?" he raised his brows as he took a sip of his coffee. George just chuckled.

"Yeah Sapnap, we made love all night just to tune out your snoring," he laughed and just slumped back into the chair, returning to his morning scrolling. Sapnap immediately looked over to Dream who was left with an open mouth.

"Dream is still gaping like a fish so I take it you didn't really," he almost sounded disappointed as he dove into the breakfast.

"We just kissed and talked about stuff," Dream cleared his throat. He felt almost relieved when Sapnap just smiled widely at them.

"Fucking finally. I have to let Karl know he owes me 200 dollars," he wiped his mouth and immediately went to his phone.

"You had a bet going?" Sapnap didn't even flinch at his incredulous exclamation. Dream felt as if he was really the dumbest bitch alive.

"To be fair this has been going for months. It only got real when we booked the tickets though. I tried to give you a day to yourself but all you did was cause Internet drama and started a fake boyfriend narrative..."

"What do you mean tried to give us a day?" George finally looked up with a furrowed brow.

"Dude you think I would wait in an airport for over 20 hours? As soon as the lady mentioned overfilled flight I was out of the seat and asked her to move it a day. I didn't want to be there when you first see each other. Quackity bet that you would immediately jump each other and although I didn't think so, I wasn't risking it!" he just snorted and chumped down on his food, all smug and satisfied.

"You... Oh my god," Dream slumped back into his chair now too. Literally what?

It's true that he didn't even check on the flight just because he was so tired and so occupied by... everything. George. The big drama. He should have figured it out.

"Quackity actually wanted to claim it because when he saw you come in after a shower, he thought..." he didn't finish that just snorted out a laugh. He was enjoying this way too much.

"Everyone was screaming at me in the groupchat because no one knew how to interpret that secret boyfriend stuff," he shook his head.

"You have a groupchat without us?" Dream just snapped his head to George because... really? That is the thing he chose to focus on?

"Oh yeah George, just let me add you next time when we bet about you!" Sapnap just rolled his eyes, sarcasm dripping with every word. "I just know you would bet like 5000 and then manipulate the results!"

"With great power..." he chuckled and then just looked over to Dream and smiled. "We could have been rich!"

"What do you mean could have been?!" Sapnap nearly shouted and they both just chuckled. George's gaze slipped to his lips for a second and Dream actually had to hold in his breath. But then it was gone and he was concentrating on his breakfast now, he had to free his hand now and Dream immediately missed it. Maybe if they switched their seats so he could hold the non-dominant hand...

Dream felt a kick to his leg and just groaned in frustration.

"Eat, you dumbass. You have all the time to stare at George," Sapnap mumbled and this time, Dream really listened.

## Chapter End Notes

One day I will go over all my writing and fix the mistakes. One day, but definitely not today hah.

Brain empty, me no think. I haven't done anything today and I'm still tired. I didn't even feel like posting this, but what the hell, I should do at least one thing on this damn day.

Enjoy gamers! Thank you for everything :))

# insufferable

## Chapter Summary

A walk to the sunset and a talk in between the sheets.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Instead of sending Sapnap for a walk, they decided to go for one. It was in one of the parks by George's apartment, just a small one, but it had something resembling a lake and a good view of a sunset as George claimed. Sapnap teased him that he isn't even going to see the sunset properly but then just let them off without further remarks. Dream was really thankful for that because he was already all red, he silently wondered if George was able to tell that.

He was also extremely on edge, because here he was, holding George's hand, walking through a public place without ever discussing if they were actually a thing now, or if they even wanted to share that with everyone.

"Oh my god, look at how blue this rock is!" George bent down just picking up a random rock and Dream squinted at it.

"I don't think that's natural,"

"It's still blue," he chuckled as if that made sense and just stashed it away into Dream's back pocket. He tried really hard to not think about how he just touched his butt indirectly. God, will the blush ever stop? "C'mon we have to reach the water otherwise we won't see the sunset properly," he tugged him along as if he wasn't the one who stopped and Dream just huffed out but still followed. Mainly because under no circumstance was he willing to let go of his hand.

They stood by the water as the sun lowered fairly quickly into the horizon.

"Is it still beautiful through your eyes?" Dream whispered against his ear. They stood so close. So damn close. George just leaned more into his chest and chuckled.

"Yeah, pretty much," he breathed out, glanced back over his shoulder right at Dream. He just tightened his arms around him in response.

"I hate to ruin the moment," Dream said then just because it was boggling his mind and he couldn't keep it away from the tip of his tongue anymore. George immediately groaned in response. Dream couldn't help but chuckle.

"What is it?"

"Are you my boyfriend now?" It sounded so cringe he actually winced and George just immediately burst out with laughter.

"*Are you my boyfriend now?*" he repeated with obvious mockery and just rolled his eyes. "No

Dream, we are obviously just best friends, c'mon!"

"Best friends who kiss?" he laughed because even if he was a menace, he was still cute.

"Hm... who kiss *sometimes*. Do not get ahead of yourself!"

"So if I tweet our relationship upgrade as *best friends who kiss sometimes*, it's gonna be absolutely accurate, huh?"

"It's the truth, obviously," George snorted but still turned his head and left a quick kiss on his jaw. "I have kissed your face more times than your lips so figure that out," he grinned as he unwrapped Dream's hands from around his waist and then just intertwined his fingers with one and tugged him back towards the park. "C'mon, we have to make sure Sapnap doesn't burn the flat down!"

Even though he didn't hear any confirmation, he felt it was alluded. They were dating. Probably. He was probably dating George. Or at least kissing him semi-regularly. It seemed like good enough of a deal.

What he didn't expect was that all his worries would become reality. They really must have gotten lost in the moment because Dream didn't even notice anyone watching them, much less taking a photo of them. It was just them by the river, his hands wrapped around George as they stared at the sunset. Luckily there didn't seem to be a photo of the kiss left on his jaw. Just them all cuddled up staring into the setting sun and then the one where George was dragging him by his hand. They looked awkward enough to be the cover of some teen romance. At least that's how Sapnap described it.

Dream somehow didn't find that funny because that's what the majority of the Internet seemed to think too, combined with the photo with the fan from breakfast where George had his head on his shoulder it all seemed to be just fueling the ~~secret~~ boyfriend theories. And for once he didn't really know what to respond.

George settled to his side with a mug of hot chocolate and just sipped on it. He still didn't look all that fazed. Dream wondered if anything about their fanbase will ever shock him again.

"What do I say?" he mumbled near his ear and immediately heard Sapnap make a gag sound.

"I'm saying that I'm disgusted by your love," he announced but after Dream shot him a glance just rolled his eyes. "Obviously I'm not. But like you don't have to say anything? It's their drama, you didn't even announce anything yourself, they can wait and learn how to fucking behave in the meantime. I'm subtweeting them on my private though, definitely," he chuckled as he chugged down the last of his chocolate and just started typing away.

Dream just groaned in frustration as he threw his head back into the couch. George took his phone and set it away.

"Sapnap is right," he said and just ignored the cheering from Sapnap that followed. "We can just chill, *dude*," he was obviously teasing but Dream still rolled his eyes.

"You're insufferable," he laughed but still wrapped both arms around his waist.

"Yet you can't get enough," George smiled proudly and then just licked his lips from the chocolate leaving Dream just staring at them, wondering just how much gagging noises would he had to withstand if he decided to kiss George right here right now.

"Okay, go to your room now and make out or whatever, I've had enough. I have sent my subtweets, I'm gonna call Karl and then listen to some very loud music so you know... You have free will," he winked and then joined them on the couch just to kick Dream into his side. "Scatter away lovebirds!"

"Why? Don't you love us anymore, Sapnap dearest?" George blinked.

"No," he grumbled and then his phone was vibrating and he accepted the call, waving to the camera. "Karl they're not being PG13, call the cops!"

"Hi Karl!" their voices rung out in unison and Sapnap just turned the phone around on them.

"Boys my beloved! Can I just say how happy I am for you? Even though if you got your shit together before the stream, I would be 200 dollars happier... I'm still happy," he beamed and Dream felt the blush creeping back into his face.

"This was all pre-planned, Sapnap is giving me a half of that money," George chuckled and Sapnap immediately jumped in.

"No I'm not!"

"You should. It's literally my money, I did all the work!"

"What do you mean? I did all the work! I had to tell you to fucking make a move!"

"Sapnap!" Karl immediately joined in. "You weren't supposed to intertwine!"

"Okay, enough, let's go to bed actually," Dream chuckled and they just left Sapnap and Karl to argue that one out. The door closed behind them and George's lips found his almost instantly. He still tasted of the chocolate and Dream couldn't help but let his tongue slip over his lips, tasting every last bit. Then George just opened his mouth and now Dream got even more space to taste.

They stood in the middle of the room, tongues slipping over each other, kissing into each other until their breath was running out and George finally pulled away and licked his own lips.

"C'mon, we have a whole bed here," he mumbled as he backed into the bed and scoured to his side, just lying down and looking over Dream still catching his breath.

Dream followed him into the bed although his heart was beating out of his chest already.

George connected their lips again, pulling Dream closer, letting him hover over him and their teeth knocked against each other. Where Dream hesitated George was pulling him closer, and so he decided to just let go of his worrying mind about what would be too much and decided to rather find out just how much he can really have.

Turns out a lot.

George didn't mind when he found his wrists and pinned them over his head for a second. If anything his gaze just darkened as he looked out his lips again. He didn't mind when he bit into his lips and when his mouth slipped to leave open mouth kisses on his neck. He left his wrists go then and George immediately dived his fingers into Dream's hair.

"Fucking touch me please," he sounded so breathless Dream actually laughed.

"I have to hold myself so I don't crush you, dumbass,"



"Just crash me, c'mon," he mumbled and Dream actually burst out laughing.

"Why are you like this?"

"Why are you like that?" he whined but then just tugged on his hair and kissed him again. George's hands found a way out of his hair and down his back, right under his sweatshirt. He started pulling it off and Dream just smirked.

"I didn't know you were this impatient,"

"You're just an insufferable tease," he huffed out in response and Dream pulled away from him to slip out of the sweatshirt.

"Here. Satisfied?" he raised his brows just to loom over George, whose gaze kept switching between his eyes and his chest.

"Hm, I don't know, gonna have to feel it through," he mumbled as his hand snaked over his chest.

"You're so cringe," was all Dream said in response but still kissed him again.

"You still love me," George whispered in between kisses.

"Hm, maybe I do," his heart was beating way too loud as he said it even if this was definitely not the first time. George just chuckled. Dream kissed the corner of his mouth and slipped to lie on his side, catch a breath for a minute.

"Wow, tired already?"

"Just... Let me breathe this through?"

"Am I stealing your breath away?"

"Yes, you are, you idiot" Dream chuckled and let his hand find its place on George's hip, slowly trailing up and down. "I don't actually know how far you wanted to go but... Sapnap's right there and it's weird."

"Well, he's always gonna be right there, right? Even in your house..."

"Fuck, that's right I guess."

"We can just throw him out. Send him back to Texas. Or to Karl so he has to deal with him."

"He would be so angry," Dream chuckled into the bed, his hand slipping under George's shirt. He just grinned.

"Okay, we have to stop talking about Sapnap if you want to continue," he turned his head to Dream and they both just laughed, faces inching closer again.

"Hm... I don't know. Do we want to continue?" Dream whispered a second before their lips collided again.

"We don't have to," George's voice was so soft and he kissed him again and again.

"But we can?" Dream smirked into the next kiss.

"I guess that's what boyfriends do," George chuckled and Dream actually had to stop and look over

him.

"Did we just get another relationship upgrade?"

"Yeah, after every twenty kisses you level up," George laughed. Dream for a change just wrapped his hands around him and squeezed tightly.

"What's the next level then?"

"You buy me a plane!"

"I'm not buying you a plane!"

"Ugh, fine. I guess you can just like suck my dick or something..." Dream's head whipped up at that so quick.

"George!"

"What?" he asked, blinking innocently although he didn't even bother to stop smirking at him. Dream just shook his head and then settled down again, left a kiss on his cheek for a change. George grumbled something incoherent but still buried his face into his neck.

"Can I be the one to let people know?" Dream whispered.

"No, I want the likes!" George immediately smacked his shoulder and then just found a place where his head slotted against Dream's neck and left a kiss right there. "...or we can just not tell them," he whispered against his skin as he sucked on it softly and Dream just chuckled.

"Oh yeah, say that as you're leaving a hickey on my neck, they will definitely believe us," Dream snorted and just connected their lips again.

"You talk too much. I want a divorce," George grinned and then just returned to his neck. Dream definitely lost his words as he bit into his skin.

"Fuck, George," he let slip, sounding already gone. He decided to ignore the soft giggle he felt over the rough patch.

"What if I cover your neck in love bites, what then hm?"

"I guess we will be back on your secret boyfriend arc," Dream laughed. His hand was already slipping under George's shirt again when a loud snore rang through the apartment. George's mouth disconnected from his neck with a pop and a sigh.

"I hope your house has better walls at least," he mumbled as he slumped into the sheets and Dream just chuckled.

"So, I take it the mood is ruined?"

"Your neck is ruined, you're welcome," George trailed a finger over the sensitive spot on his neck and he almost winced. "But yeah, don't really want to get fucked to the sound of Sapnap's snoring. You can sleep without your shirt off, however. I won't complain" he beamed at him.

"Will you take yours off too?"

"God no, I would be cold."

"I would keep you warm," it sounded way more flirtier than he intended. George just raised his eyebrows.

"Okay Dream, I'll remember that for next time," he breathed out and just snuggled to his chest again, contently breathing out. And Dream breathed him in and let his hands slip over his back pulling him in tightly and for once just let his heart beat loudly because it seemed like George would accept that. It seemed like George accepted his everything. So maybe he never had to worry about anything in the first place because they could always talk it out, just like before. Or preferably, now, they could kiss it out too.

## Chapter End Notes

1. I'm off my schedule but it was my birthday so you have to forgive me.
  2. Dream really took pride month as a challenge but I'm not complaining, I'm here for the entertainment.
  3. I spent like an hour deciding if this should be the last chapter because...I don't have any more written out. But I feel like I want at least one more. I don't know for what exactly...but I do.
- Don't laugh I'm bi and a gemini, I have never made a decision about anything ever. But if there is gonna be another chapter it's not gonna be before the 16th, I'm just saying. I need to study bc I'm stupid and this is the last exam.
- And if this suddenly appears as finished then...imagine an emotive rant about how thankful I am for everything and stuff right about here. It sounds like I'm kidding but I'm actually very thankful, for every read and every kudos and every comment (especially those bc you know, validation my beloved hah).
- See you either in like a week+ or like the next time I get hit with inspiration, which could be never I guess but haha \*thumbs up\*
- thank you for reading <3

# colourful

## Chapter Summary

They throw some colours. They make fun of the colours on Dream's neck.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

With great happiness comes the great fear of losing it. That's exactly what Dream was thinking about while trailing his hand over the length of George's spine.

He was just so *happy*. He was so happy that he got to be here, lie here in this moment. He was so happy that it was George that he got to lie here with. A magnificent sleeping George. His best friend George. George that he spent thousands of hours on calls, that he shared his good times and his bad times with, George that he shared silence with.

His mind was so fogged up with the happiness that it couldn't handle the thought of losing this in just a few days. Not losing George, just losing his presence. He wondered just how many times could he move up the date of their flight tickets and if possibly Sapnap would give them a day to themselves again, just so he can find out what that looks like, them alone without his everpresent snores. George seemed more than eager to find that out yesterday.

The problem with happiness is that it is not a constant state. You just have to let yourself feel it because even thinking too much about it makes you lose some of it. He was feeling that now, his chest growing heavier, just thinking about how he doesn't want to lose this.

George starts stirring, his hand moving from Dream's chest to his face and he is already reaching up. Their lips connect in a lazy kiss at first, just slipping over each other. George is the one to press closer, his teeth scraping Dream's lower lip, and when Dream lets him in, he kisses him deeper. It all becomes way too real only when George actually grinds against his thigh and Dream just bursts out laughing.

"Ugh...wow thank you," George mumbles as he pulls his head away and just frowns at him. His brows furrow angrily but the supposed anger never reaches his eyes. "What's so funny Dream, huh?"

"That suddenly you're the one wanting to jump me at every occasion," Dream grins and George just huffs out another annoyed sigh.

"Well, you're leaving soon, I just want to use our time wisely," he slumps back into the sheets and Dream's mood slump down too.

"I don't want to leave," he mutters quietly. The nagging feeling is back, sitting on his chest. He would prefer to have George back on him.

"I'll be coming the soonest I can," George sighs. He sits up then and just looks over him, a small smile on his lips. His finger slips over Dream's neck and only then he remembers what he has to look like. They share a smile that turns into a giggle way too easily. It turns into a full on wheezing

when they walk out of the room and Sapnap takes one look at them and spits out the water in his mouth.

“George!” he immediately turns to him and just shakes his head. “What the fuck you did that for? He can’t leave the house like that! I was promised a trip to Brighton! How the hell is he supposed to be in a vlog like that?”

George doesn’t respond just laughs all smug. Dream disappears into the bathroom to hide his red cheeks and to look over the damage himself. They only just started getting their purple tint, scattered along the sides of the neck and even under his Adam’s apple. He thinks about going outside like this, about actually meeting their friends and taking photos and everyone seeing the damage, everyone getting the implications even if they didn’t go all the way. A part of him is thrilled. A part of him is scared. He just has to decide which one he wants to follow through with.

They still get on the train to Brighton because Sapnap doesn’t accept hickeys as a valid excuse. Wilbur should be picking them up from the station so maybe they will be lucky and they will get some time before pictures of his neck hit the internet. He still gets enough stares from people on the train to not want to show his face ever again.

The train ride is spent with all of them on their phones. Sapnap is reading out 15 fun things to do in Brighton and George shoots down every single one. He is leaning to Dream’s side, switching between responding to Wilbur and scrolling twitter.

Wilbur is waiting in the parking lot just like he promised, George leads them out of the station fairly quickly and without being noticed so Dream is thankful for that. He is probably just getting paranoid now but he can’t help it. A new worry settles within him as he finally locks eyes on Wilbur who just has his mouth wide open.

“Dude, what happened to your neck?!” he exclaims rather loudly. Dream tries to not blush at that but he’s sure he fails because Sapnap just bursts out laughing.

“Hair straightener, you know how it is,” he mumbles and then he reaches out his hands. “Nice to meet you, dude!” They wrap each other in a hug and Wilbur just laughs at his stupid joke.

George is the second one to look out Wilbur for a quick hug. “Yeah, Dream is like really clumsy,” he adds onto the narrative and Dream just rolls his eyes. Dickheads.

“Oh yeah, I get that completely,” Wilbur nods and Dream gets a hug too, finally. When he retreats Wilbur gives him a narrowed gaze. “You okay with having that on camera? Maybe Niki could cover that up with some makeup...” he offers and Dream just breaths out.

“That would be great,” he nods eagerly. Dream pretends he doesn’t see the pout from George and just files into the car after the other boys. Sapnap already took the front seat so he follows George to the back and he is quite satisfied with that arrangement.

Niki just bursts out laughing at the sight of his neck but then hugs him anyway.

“Hi,” he breaths out already tired from being the butt of the joke. “I hear you can help hide that?”

“I don’t know if my colour will fit you but we can try, sure,” she is still trying to hide her laughter behind her hand. Her eyes slip over to George. “You did that?”

George at least looks flustered at that, at the forward accusation.

“A hair straightener,” Wilbur chimes in with a playful smile and Niki bursts into another laugh. Sapnap seems to be enjoying their awkwardness way too much. “Tommy said they will be here in 30 minutes so I think just go for the makeup now,” he winks and then he is leading George to another room, both laughing.

Niki was right and the stuff is a bit too pale for his skin but he is thankful for it anyway. It fails the Tommy test because the first words out of his mouth are “Are you wearing makeup?” but then they test on camera and supposedly, it’s all okay. Or rather nothing a little photoshop couldn’t make better.

Whatever Dream expected from this trip he would never have guessed that he would have to wear makeup for a Tom Simons vlog just to not show the hickeys George made on his neck the night before. Life really likes to fuck with him it seems.

George smiles at him as soon as he walks into the living room. Everyone seems to be enjoying the pizza Wilbur ordered for them and Dream just shakes the last of water out of his hair before sitting down next to George and getting a slice for himself.

“The hickeys seem rather excessive,” Tommy immediately comments. Sapnap just snorts out and just nods.

“That’s what I said when I saw them!” His hair is dry now and his face is missing the colour it was smacked with previously. Dream almost misses it, he was proud of his water balloon throwing accuracy. Sapnap caught one to his cheek, Tommy’s hair had a slight blue tint and George caught one to his ass, all thanks to Dream. Honestly it’s their fault. His competitiveness was only heightened when Tommy announced he wants to team with Sapnap and George as soon as they got to the course. And even if he enjoyed just chasing George around, he could still act salty about it.

“The vlog is going to be so fun,” he utters, moving to another topic rather than discussing his neck again. No one explicitly stated or asked about him and George, except maybe for that one comment from Niki, and he is thankful for that.

“I’m just happy that I can clickbait your face content now,” Tommy chuckled.

“It’s not really clickbait if he really shows it,” George said, cleaned his fingers off the pizza grease and then just leaned into Dream’s side. He puts one arm around his shoulders and tries to not blush at the soft smile everyone gives them. This seems like enough of an announcement.

“I’ll clickbait your secret boyfriend then, bitch,” Tommy says and they all snort out a laugh.

“Oh yeah, look out George, your secret boyfriend is going to be jealous of you snuggling Dream like that,” Wilbur chimed in.

“I just want to see you explain the hickeys to him,” Niki giggled and they burst into a laugh again. Dream rolled his eyes almost automatically. It still warmed up his heart, the friendly teasing. It warmed up his cheeks too but he tried not to focus on that.

The conversation moved on without him and he didn’t really mind, George was drawing shapes into his thigh now and he smiled softly, leaning into his warmth even more.

“Dream?” his head picked up at the tone of Sapnap’s voice. It took only a look at the way his face

scrunched up and he already knew what to expect when he turned his phone towards him. It was some of the photos they took with fans after finishing the course. They were still splashed with various colours from the water balloon fight even after getting out of the overalls they wore and they all looked tired and sweaty. That wasn't the focus though, because the second picture was a zoomed up picture on Dream, especially his neck. To be fair he really didn't see that much there but their caption was more than enough: DREAM HAD HICKEYSSSS

George snorted out a laugh from next to him. "Oh yeah those three dark pixels are so much proof," he rolled his eyes but his gaze still slipped over to Dream watching his face intently. "You okay?" he asked quietly. It seemed all too familiar by now, this process.

"It's tiring," was all Dream said and he just sighed.

"You think they would back off if we said something?" George mused quietly. The rest of the group seemed to be giving them space to talk this out but he still felt weird having this conversation in front of them.

"I don't know," he breathed out, his eyes looking straight to Wilbur's instead of George's. It was somehow worse as he gave them a pitiful gaze.

"Sapnap!" Tommy burst out laughing and Dream's head snapped to them instead. Sapnap shushed him but Dream just rolled his eyes and reached for his own phone. He opened twitter to see Sapnap's newest tweet at the top.

@sapnapalt

guys stop making fun of Dream he is just learning how to use a hair straightener, it's not his fault

The tweet was already farming likes and Dream liked it too, his fingers slipping over to reply.

-@dreamwastaken

why do you have to expose me? Smh

"George, just change your name to hair straightener at this point," Wilbur chuckled and the tension finally broke through as Dream wheezed out a laugh.

"It would be funny," George smirked reaching for his phone too but Dream just caught it and put it away, the group toppling in laughter once again as Dream shook his head. George just rolled his eyes but he reached out and pecked his lips, quick and gentle, first time since they even arrived in Brighton. Dream didn't even realise how he missed kissing George already, but now that he was reminded of it, he couldn't think about anything else. But Niki then just cleaned out the pizza boxes and Wilbur brought out some board games and his attention was needed there suddenly. With the non-verbal confirmation of the relations between them everybody notched up their jokes about them but Dream was almost growing fond of it already.

He decided that it didn't really matter, twitter didn't really matter, what they thought they knew

didn't really matter. Even if he lost it all, the followers, the spotlight, he still had his friends and now he had George as more than a friend and future looked more appealing than ever.

## Chapter End Notes

I return. Not victorious but I'm still back hah.

I failed the exam. Was depressed about it for two weeks. Wrote some fanfiction to feel better.

You see the final number of chapters now. Spoiler alert: The next one will be smut. And the next one will be sad. I'm giving you all the emotions, what can I say, I'm so versatile.

If I decide that the smut is bad then you only get the sad one.

I'm kinda mad that I didn't pull my shit together yesterday because then I could end on exactly the last day of June and it would be a glorious end to pride month. Now this will go into July. I don't know how I'm gonna deal with that.

Anyways, thank you so much for almost 10k hits? It's scary. But I appreciate it. Thank you gamers. See you tomorrow.



## **fucked (in a good way)**

### Chapter Summary

The time is ticking and Dream wants to reach another friendship upgrade.

### Chapter Notes

This chapter is just smut. It's entirely skipable if you are not here for that.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream could not physically make himself go to sleep. It was way too late already anyway. There were only a few hours between this quiet moment of having George in his arms and the moment when he would have to hug him for the last time for the foreseeable future. Sappnap's snoring was the everpresent feature to his thoughts. George was softly breathing too, head buried into Dream's neck. Dream continued to scrape fingers over his back long after he fell asleep, more to calm himself down instead of helping the other get to sleep.

It all seemed to pass so quickly. The stream, the reveal, it felt like it has been months even though it hasn't even been a full week yet. Even their little Brighton trip seemed like weeks ago even though they returned just yesterday. They spend their last day and half together, all three of them, messing around, playing games, laughing so hard their stomachs hurt. He spent last night kissing down George's chest, leaving some lovebites there as a revenge and also just because he wanted George to have a little something to remember him by too. He craned his neck now and left a small kiss on his forehead.

"Why are you awake?" George mumbled against his skin. His head buried deeper into his neck, breathing him in before he left a kiss there and picked up his head, sleep hanging onto his eyes.

"Can't sleep," Dream whispered. He caught George's lips in a soft kiss just because the opportunity was right there.

"Oh, wow, so now you feel like following with that relationship upgrade? It has been 20 kisses already, I'm sure," George grinned and turned the soft kiss into a deeper one, slipping his body over Dream's, the breath that left his lips was way too close to a moan. Dream didn't comment on that. He didn't know how serious George was with his teasing, but the urgent kisses would suggest he meant it this time.

"I don't want you to leave," George whispered in between the kisses. It sounded like a demand. Dream just smiled.

"I don't want to leave," he mused back just kissing him some more, following the needy pace George set. It seemed to stick to Dream's head then that this is the last time he gets to do this, time is ticking and it will run out soon and he will be on a plane with empty hands.

He switched their positions then, George on his back now and he just laughed. "Oh yeah, throw me

around Dream,” he teased before wrapping his hands around his neck and pulling him down into a kiss again.

Dream’s hands slipped from George's side to his hips. He wanted to remember it all, he wanted to know every little detail so well that he could imagine it everytime he pleased. He trailed down to his thighs, George wrapped them around his hips on his own. The hands slipped to his ass then, pulled them even closer.

“Fuck, Dream,” George breathed out, the words hot on Dream's skin, and he followed in the motion, hips buckling up against Dream’s. His hands left his neck and were now pulling up his shirt instead. He let George get it off and just smiled, grinded down to create some friction again. The blood was rushing in his ears and it was definitely rushing downwards to some certain regions. He couldn’t focus on anything but the sounds emitting from between George’s lips, the soft gasping for breath, the certified moan he got when he pushed down even more.

“I swear to god if you leave me hanging now,” George said through gritted teeth, eyes finding his with certain determination. “The lube is in the drawer,” his head nodded to the nightstand and Dream just raised his eyebrows.

“We're doing this?”

“Don’t fuck with me *Clayton*,” George spit out and Dream couldn’t help but laugh as he reached to open the drawer. George was already on the task of getting his pants off.

“Have you ever...” Dream's sentence seemed to trail off, he didn’t know how to ask without being awkward about it.

George understood anyway. “Yeah,” he nodded. He probably noticed Dream’s curious gaze because he just shook his head. “Not the time to ask about that,” he breathed and just pulled him down for another kiss.

So Dream didn’t ask and just followed his lead, helped George in getting his clothes off and the shyness from the nudity was already creeping into him when George just stroked his own length and the moan pushed out every single thought he ever had, it replaced every last one of his braincells until all that was rattling around in his head was that exact sound with the visual of George throwing his head back, eyes slipping closed.

“George,” his voice was almost hoarse, they connected in a kiss again and again, the warmth of their joined bodies was overwhelming in the best way possible. It was only when George smacked him with the bottle that Dream chuckled and finally opened it up, lathered his fingers and let them found their way to his hole, one finger slipping in eagerly. It elicited a moan from George instantly, eyes closing, mouth opening. Dream felt drunk on that sight and he vouched to strive for that, for that helpless look, he wanted to see George lost and heaving, losing it all, because Dream was certainly going to give it his all.

He explored the feeling, curled up into him, found what exactly it is that makes George's eyes roll back in his head.

“Another,” George whispered, chest heaving and Dream listened, leaving a kiss on his shoulder before following through with the demand. “Fuck Dream, I want you in me so bad.”

Dream’s head picked up at that. Those words leaving George’s mouth were not something he ever expected to hear but here he was, his body begging to hear more of that. He felt out of breath and they didn’t even get to the main event yet. George was already moving against his finger, body

squirming on its own, dick already leaking onto his own stomach. Dream wanted to taste it so bad. His head followed that thought, bent lower, his tongue slipping along his length and George just covered his mouth as he tried to keep the wrecked moan in. He added another finger as his mouth enclosed around the tip. George's hands were now gripping his hair tightly. He tasted the precum on his tongue but before he even got to dive down George pulled him up by his hair.

"I swear to god if you don't fuck me right this second..." his sentence got lost in another moan as Dream pushed his fingers deeper. He couldn't help the smirk that grew on his face and George just smacked his shoulder, giving him an annoyed look. Either way he listened and just pulled the fingers out, smirked some more at George's hard breathing .

"Condom?"

"Nope, just go if that's okay," he swallowed and looked at him, eyes heavy with lust now. Dream reached for the bottle again but his eyes stayed on George, he watched him while pouring more lube onto his own dick, while positioning himself and he definitely watched while he pushed in. George bit down on his lower lip, eyes staying on Dream during the first thrust in. But then Dream moved, found a better angle and with another roll, his eyes slipped closed too, fingers scraping alongside Dream's back, clawing after his neck, tangling back into his hair.

Dream held his thigh higher just to hit the angle better and when he got a loud moan in response he only grinned because this is what it was about, it was about George and making him feel good, actually not just good, the absolute best, better than whoever the fucking predecessor was.

Their breaths mixed into one, Dream slowed his pace just because he thought it would be even more excruciating and he was right when George just gasped, nails digging into his skin.

"Dream, I'm so close," his voice was barely a whisper. Dream left a quick kiss on his lips. He hoisted one of his legs even more, his fingers digging into the pale skin. God, he hoped it would leave bruises. His other hand circled around George's dick and he just nodded to himself, following the pace in which he moved inside him. His body was telling him everything even if George couldn't find the words to, the way his back arched against him, the squirming of his hips, the quickened breath, the way he was holding onto his back. George only opened his mouth to warn him and then he was already coming and Dream just smiled, followed through to chase his own orgasm that he felt building up.

"Inside," George mumbled and Dream just nodded, rolled his hips more, buried himself deep just to finally feel himself hit the high, his body releasing the adrenaline too and he crumbled over him, catching his breath.

He slipped out slowly, George's hand brushed the hair from his slick forehead. Dream looked up and just smiled. His lips were already forming into a grin as he finally caught his breath and found the best thing to say.

"I would say that was quite *poggers*," he raised his brows just to get smacked right over his forehead.

"I hate you," George chuckled but he still leaned in and kissed him. He took a deep breath in, kissed him some more. Where they divided, a smile came out on his face.

"I hate you so much too," Dream nodded and just kissed him again. He definitely did not, that much was obvious, but now he would certainly hate leaving him in just a few hours even more now. The universe hated him. But the universe also gave him George, even if it made them be oceans apart. Maybe he could deal with the bit of distance, if only George would cross it quickly

enough.

## Chapter End Notes

UHm...so...yeah.

I questioned whether to include it but also I feel like they should have some fun while they're together. I'm not really good at writing smut but it was already written so whatever. I won't apologize for the jokes, I need them for my mental health. I still hope you enjoy it. If not, you can criticize me in the comments, I totally won't cry or anything like that haha.

Thank you for reading <3

# alone

## Chapter Summary

Dream and Sapnap have to say goodbye to the UK and George.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The airport was overcrowded. Dream just pulled George closer. The mint smell was still hanging onto him but to be fair it wasn't that long since their shower. Sapnap returned from his hunt for coffee and snacks.

"I met some fans, so I guess just be aware of that while you're snuggling," he chuckled. Dream felt his cheeks warm up but at this point he didn't care. He wasn't about to lose out on the last moments with George just because of the potential of it getting seen. He still found George's eyes and quirked up his eyebrows.

"Do we care?"

"Honestly, I don't," George breathed out and just buried his head more into his chest. Dream chuckled as his eyes slipped over to Sapnap who was just shaking his head.

"I'm like happy for you guys but I also hate you massively," he bit into the croissant he bought and just nodded at the taste. "At least in our house the walls are thicker, thank god," he rolled his eyes and Dream hid his blush by hiding his face into George's hair. He didn't really think about Sapnap when he vowed to be the best sex George has ever had. He definitely considered the option when they peeked out the room just to find him with headphones in and hiding his face under the pillow.

"You can always move out," George picked up his head just to mock him, Sapnap responded by scrunching up the napkin and throwing it after them. "That's public littering Sapnap, they're gonna see and lock you up!"

"Well, at least I won't have to watch you two lovebirds," Sapnap chuckled and just cleaned his hands off as he finished the pastry. He still picked up the napkin and threw it into the nearest trashcan.

All of their heads picked up at the announcement for their flight. George just threw his head back with a loud whine.

"I don't want you to leave," he said, arms wrapping around his neck.

"You'll be coming soon," Dream nodded, maybe more to assure himself than George.

"Okay honeysuckles, here's the deal." Sapnap cleared his throat. "Let me say goodbye to George properly and then you can snuggle for however many minutes while I go stand in line, alright?" he smiled widely and just opened his arms. George rolled his eyes but still let go of Dream and hugged Sapnap, arms wrapping tightly around each other. "Ah, please come quickly George because I know he is going to be a mess," Sapnap chuckled, his eyes fixing on Dream with a smile.

"If you feel helpless call the visa people, tell them it's urgent," George laughed. They stepped back and Sapnap just wiped at his face.

"Fuck, you're making me want to cry, damn you Gogy Wogy," he chuckled and George just hugged him again. Dream had to look away just so he wouldn't start crying now. He has to hold out. "Okay, I'm going. I'm going. I'm definitely not crying," Sapnap mumbled, wiping at his eyes with the sleeve of his hoodie. "I'm gonna not cry away from you. Later losers," he mumbled and then he was pulling his suitcase behind him to the people piling into a line. Dream's eyes fell to George and he wanted to cry for real.

"I'm gonna miss you so much," he whispered as George returned into his arms. Instead of a response George caught his lips in a kiss, desperate, needy, his hands coming up to his cheeks.

"I don't want you to leave, fuck," he mumbled again just to kiss him once more, bury his head back into his neck. "It's gonna be so weird, being alone again," he sighed. Dream just squeezed him tighter.

"I'm gonna text you the entire flight. And call you as soon as we get home," he left a kiss on his temple.

"Discord sex?" George chuckled but Dream felt something wet drop on his neck. No, he can't be crying just yet. George never cries.

"Anytime you want," he mumbled even if tears were pushing into his eyes too. "We should get one more photo."

"I think you already have enough for your gallery," George laughed but he still pulled his head up, cleaned his cheeks as he pulled his phone out. He positioned it out front, leaning back into him. Dream just pressed his lips to his temple, kept them there. He only looked over when George brought the phone closer.

"I'm going to post this one," he said and Dream chuckled.

"Yeah, farm the likes. Start some things while we're on a plane for the next ten hours. That will be fun," he laughed but he just pressed another kiss onto his lips. The second announcement rang out and Dream looked over to see Sapnap stepping from one leg to another, his eyes looking over to them. "I think I have to go," he said with a sigh. George let out another whine but unwrapped himself from him. They walked over to Sapnap, hands still grasping each other tightly.

"Don't cry too much George. I promise I will be back to annoying you soon enough," Sapnap chuckled. George just nodded instead of responding and they knew this was it. This was the moment they were all fighting back tears. "Fuck, I hate you, did you have to come over again? I'm getting on the plane just so you don't see me cry," Sapnap shook his head and made the steps to hand the flight assistant his ticket. George just chuckled weakly as Sapnap turned around one more time and then George bolted to give him one more hug and Dream let the tears fall then. He knew this wasn't just him at least, that they all were hurting. Maybe never coming over until George could come to America would hurt less. But never getting to be George's secret boyfriend and never sharing a bed and sharing feelings sounds like the even worse timeline. He walked to where Sapnap left George. Tears were staining his cheeks already too.

"I hate this," George closed his eyes just to look at the ceiling. "Please just go already because I will genuinely just never let you go," he turned to Dream then, lips pressed together, eyebrows furrowed. Dream pulled him to his chest one more time and kissed his lips one more time and then George pulled away and just shook his head. "Go idiot, or you're gonna miss your flight," he

breathed out and Dream just nodded. The flight assistant smiled at him warmly but his eyes kept skipping to George, left at the terminal alone, hands coming up around himself as he watched Dream make the walk over to the plane. His steps felt heavy and everything in him screamed to turn back and just stay for longer but he just breathed out, made himself continue because that was the rational thought to follow. He sat down next to Sapnap, who hugged him immediately.

“He’ll be coming as soon as he can!”

“I know,” Dream nodded but it didn’t stop the tear from rolling down his cheek. He just closed his eyes and let himself feel it through, let the tears slip because if he did it now maybe he could go back to texting him soon and it wouldn’t hurt that much anymore. His phone chimed in anyway.

*Miss you already* was the message showing up in his notifications, right over the one stating *GeorgeNotFound just posted a new photo: friendship upgrade <3*

## Chapter End Notes

Will you hate me for this ending? Maybe. Possibly. It's okay, I deserve it.

But it's over so woوو. The End.

As a certified dnf pride month survivor, I'm vouching to never write anything again, I just know it won't reach the heights of romance those two feed us with. Remember kids, nothing is gay if it's for charity. Or if you can blame it on Callahan.

On a serious note thank you so much for all the feedback, I deeply appreciate all the comments and kudos and every single read.

If you begin to miss me I'll be on tumblr brainrotting like always.

Signing out, I wish you a marvelous day.

o7

## End Notes

My [Tumblr](#) that I sometimes use.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!